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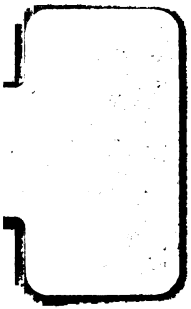

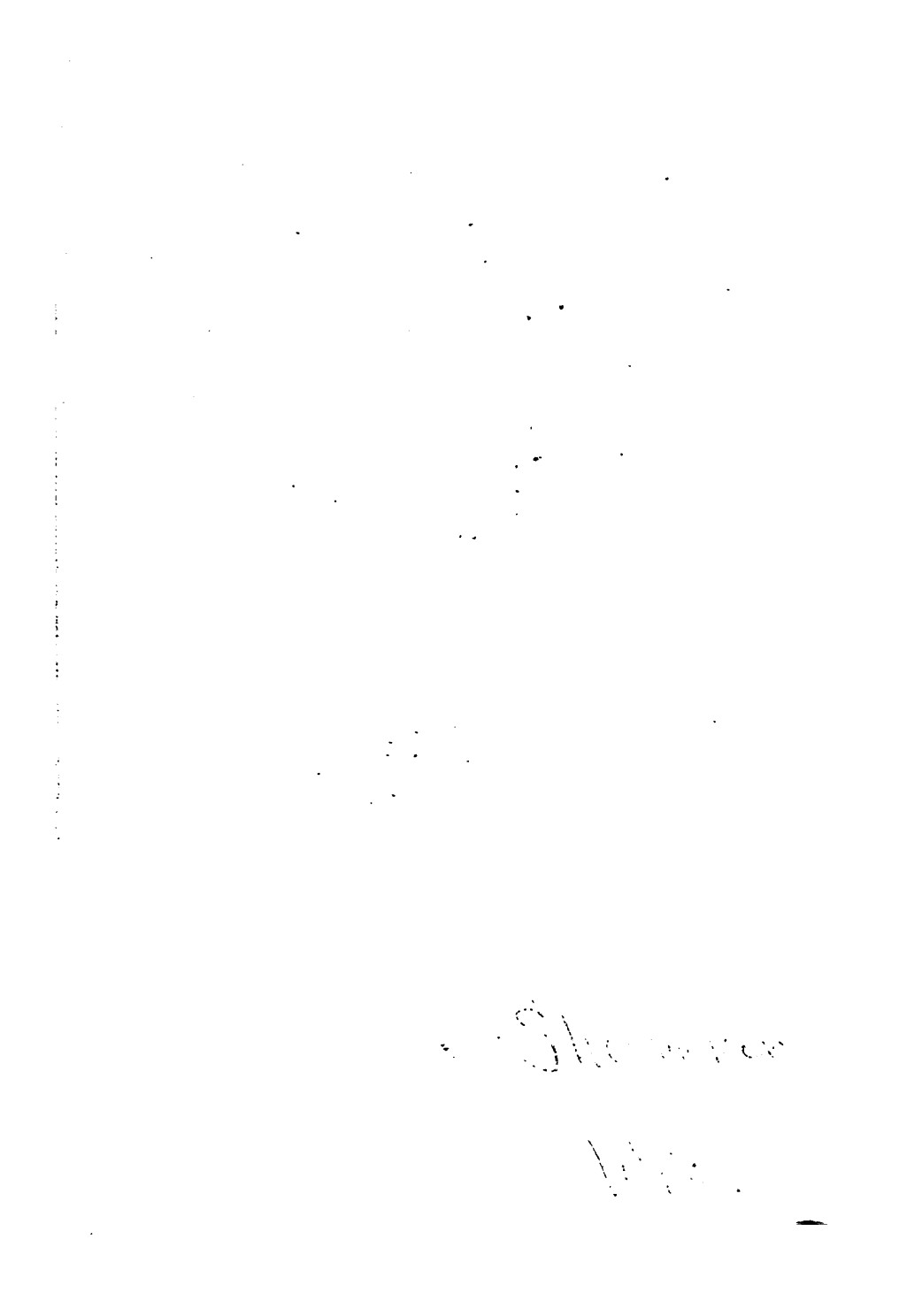

MISSOURI'S HALL OF FAME.

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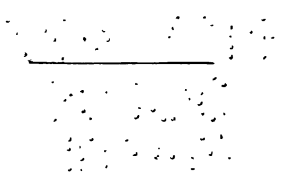
LIVES OF EMINENT MISSOURIANS

BY

FLOYD CALVIN SHOEMAKER, A. B., A. M.

Secretary of The State Historical Society of Missouri
Editor of The Missouri Historical Review
Author of "Missouri's Struggle for Statehood."

"When a man of action dies, the world will pause a moment, pay tribute to his work and achievment, and pass on; but the reverberation of that man's impact with the world continues. It must be great to be a pioneer, to be a guiding star, to point the way. Men of this type can not die. They make their own path and they leave a trail."—C. V. Mosby.



PUBLISHED BY
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Columbia, Missouri
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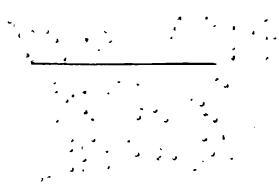

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TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

Whose Sacrifices in my Early Youth and Precepts in Boyhood Days Guided my Ambitions and Education, This Book, in Affection and Gratitude, is Dedicated.

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PREFACE

EVERY state has its hall of fame. These halls of fame are not built of rock and mortar but exist in the hearts of the people. They are more enduring than hardest granite because they are part of the history of this nation. In them are enshrined the lives of those great men and women who have helped civilization.

Missouri can well be proud of her sons and daughters who have won fame. She ranks high in the number and the character of her famous men and women. She has sent to Congress statesmen of national renown. She has produced artists and authors of worth. More than any other state did she send forth her hardy men to explore and settle the West. She gave to the nation journalists of ability and courage. She has borne reformers and scientists, whose work will live. Her soldiers have cast glory on their patriotic people.

The lives of these men should be familiar to every Missouri schoolboy and girl. Missouri is truly great in men and women. No state excels her considering years, for she is not a century old.

It seems regrettable that the lives of these men are not more widely known. No book devoted exclusively to this subject has been published for use in the public schools. To partially remedy this, has "Missouri's Hall of Fame—Lives of Eminent Missourians" been written.

The author is indebted to the following persons who have kindly aided him: Dr. Walter B. Stevens,

of St. Louis; Dr. Fern Helen Rusk, of Columbia; Ivan H. Epperson, of Columbia; Mrs. Nelle G. Burger, of Clark (Mo.); Hon. Louis Houck, of Cape Girardeau; Harper and Brothers, of New York; and W. L. Webb, of Independence.

The sketch of the life of Joseph B. McCullagh was specially compiled for this book by Dr. Walter B. Stevens, President of The State Historical Society of Missouri.

To Hon. Uel W. Lamkin, State Superintendent of the Public Schools of Missouri, the author is indebted for suggestions of value.

To Mr. E. M. Carter, Secretary of the State Teachers' Association of Missouri, and Prof. W. W. Charters, formerly Dean of the School of Education of the University of Missouri, the author is indebted for their suggestion regarding the need of such a book in the public schools of the state.

The name "Missouri's Hall of Fame" was first used by Dean Walter Williams in one of his public addresses.

FLOYD CALVIN SHOEMAKER.

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SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN," 1835-1910

America's Greatest Humorist.

SEVERAL years ago a Missourian was traveling in the Hawaiian Islands. It was in November but all the children were out of school. The streets were crowded with boys and girls who were joyously running around covered with flowers. The traveler asked one of the boys why he was not in school. The boy was surprised by such a question and replied:

"Why don't you know?"

The man shook his head.

"This is a holiday in Hawaii," said the boy.

"What are you celebrating?"

"We are observing the birthday of Mark Twain, whom we love more than any American," said the boy.

The traveler learned that the boy spoke the truth, for of all the Americans who have visited the Hawaiin Islands, Mark Twain was one of the most beloved.

Missouri has produced many great men,—statesmen, orators, explorers, scientists, artists, and authors. Of all these, however, one stands out as the most widely known over the earth, the most beloved, and in some ways the most famous. This man is Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known by his pen-name, "Mark Twain"—America's greatest humorist.

Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood

Mark Twain

(From A. B. Paine's "Mark Twain: A. Biography: copyright 1912, by Harper & Brothers.")

Born in Florida, Monroe county, Missouri, on November 30, 1835, he came of good Virginia-Kentucky parents. They were poor but educated. His father was a lawyer but kept a store to make a living. When Mark Twain was three years old, the family moved to Hannibal, a thriving town on the Mississippi River where many steamboats passed each day.

Mark Twain was a delicate boy and he was sent to a farm for his health. He was soon like other American boys, happy and full of life.

He never liked school. He was good in spelling and liked to read history, but was poor in other studies. He liked to go down to the river and see the steamboats come and go. He liked to talk to the negro helpers, the travelers, and the pilots. But best of all did he enjoy getting a few companions and explore caves or get in a boat and row to an island out in the river. Here these young boys would plan to be pirates, just like boys still do.

He had his sweetheart but the love affair never went farther than love-notes. He was just a plain, average American boy, full of life. Frequently he played tricks, but fortunately nothing serious happened except a whiping. Once he scared his mother by jumping out of a two-story building. Again, he pretended to be talking in his sleep when he asked some of the strangest questions. One day a circus came to town and he gave the elephant a plug of tobacco. He never waited to see what happened but slipped out of the tent.

One of the best stories told on him was about his winning a prize Bible from the Sunday-school for

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MARK TWAIN

(From A. B. Paine's "Mark Twain: A. Biography: copyright 1912, by Harper & Brothers.")

memorizing the most verses from the Bible. Anyone who memorized ten verses was given one blue ticket. A red ticket was given for ten blue ones; a yellow ticket for ten red ones; and a fine Bible for ten yellow tickets. This meant that one had to memorize ten thousand verses to get the Bible. Although Mark Twain had not memorized a single verse, he presented ten yellow tickets! He had traded with the other boys and won the prize.

For several years Mark Twain worked for his brother, Orion Clemens, who owned a Hannibal newspaper. He then left for St. Louis and went East. For four years he set type in New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Returning to Missouri with little money but with much experience he again worked with his brother on a newspaper in Keokuk. He soon became tired of this. Reading of Brazil, he decided to explore the Amazon River! Finding a fifty dollar bill in the streets of Keokuk one day, he picked it up and advertised for the owner. No one claimed the bill and after three days, he left town as he said "to take that money out of danger."

He went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and then went by boat to New Orleans. He gave up his plan to go to Brazil and began training to be a pilot on the Mississippi River. In those days, pilots received large salaries and were considered important men. After several years Mark Twain was given charge of a steamboat. He became a good pilot. He not only learned the river with its dangerous snags, caving banks, stones and sandbars, but met all kinds of men. His spare hours he employed in conversation,

TWO OF MARK TWAIN'S HOMES IN HANNIBAL

The house in the center of the picture, known as the Mark Twain home, was built by John Marshall Clemens in 1844. In the house on the left John Marshall Clemens died, in 1847

(From A. B. Paine's "Mark Twain: A Biography: copyright 1912, by Harper & Brothers.")

in playing the piano and singing. His life as a pilot was of greatest value to him, and in later years when he became an author, he wrote a book, "Life on the Mississippi," which told of his experiences.

During the Civil War, he enlisted as a Confederate and was captured. Escaping, he decided to join his brother, Orion, who had been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory. His trip across the plains and mountains he never forgot, and later wrote a book, "Roughing It," about his experiences in the West.

In Nevada Territory he tried mining but failed. He then tried reporting for a newspaper and succeeded. While here he adopted his pen-name, "Mark Twain." On the Mississippi River when a steamboat approached a sandbar, a line with a lead weight was thrown into the river to measure the depth of the water. The man holding the line would cry out, "Mark Twain," "Mark three," etc.—meaning that the water was two fathoms or three fathoms deep.

From Nevada he went to San Francisco and wrote articles for newspapers in California. He visited some of the islands in the Pacific, and wrote articles of his trip. His writings soon attracted attention. He wrote one good article which he sent to an eastern magazine. He signed it "Mark Twain" and waited anxiously to see it printed. Imagine his disgust when he read the magazine to see his article signed "Mike Swain"—his signature had been so poorly written that the editor of the magazine had made the mistake.

While in California, Mark Twain wrote one story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," that was copied all over the United States. It made him famous

in a day. Mark Twain had first heard the story in one of the mining camps.

Here is the story as Mark Twain told it:

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

(From Mark Twain's "The Jumping Frog; copyright 1903, by Harper & Brothers.")

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all of them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'-lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he

hadn't no idea he'd doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it came to that, Smiley, would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been anywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down-town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—came acrost him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—its only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing. I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras County."

And the feller studies a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog, but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says: "That's all right—that's all right; if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One-two-three-git!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively; but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders-so-like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was dis-

gusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door he sorted jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate: "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upsidedown, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he sees how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

From 1867, the year the famous frog story was written, Mark Twain rapidly grew in public favor. He traveled extensively and observed closely. He wrote many books and these were read by hundreds of thousands. Some were translated into other languages, and their author became known in both hemispheres. Turks read his books in Constantinople, Chinese in Canton, and Australians in Sidney. North and South Americans, Europeans, people of the islands of the seas, enjoyed his quaint humor. His wit pleased the boy of sixteen and the man of sixty. They were written for all people.

Mark Twain was equally successful as a lecturer. He was considered one of the best in America. Wherever he spoke, large crowds listened to him.

He settled in the East, first in New York and later in Connecticut. Noted travelers from Europe thought it a privilege to visit his home. He was as interesting in conversation as in writing.

His wife was Olivia L. Langdon, whom he married in 1870. She was a highly cultured woman and was the literary adviser of Mark Twain until her death. Their married life was peaceful and happy except for the death of their children. Mrs. Clemens greatly loved her husband. Instead of calling him by his first name, Samuel, she always called him "Youth."

Mark Twain was a man strongly built, of ruddy complexion, light hair and light twinkling eyes. He had a hearty manner.

He was a constant smoker. Every hour of the day he sat puffing a cigar or a pipe. He was a great reader. He spent much of his time in the morning sitting propped up in bed. Here he would write his books and lectures.

His health was good. At the age of seventy-five years he began to fail, however, and died in Connecticut, on April 21, 1910. Some of his best known books besides those that have been mentioned are: "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "A Tramp Abroad," "Innocents Abroad," "Prince and Pauper," "The Guiled Age," "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," and "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

As a humorist Mark Twain ranks among the greatest the world has produced. He was always full of good, hearty fun and never seemed to grow old.

This is shown so well by his wife calling him "Youth." No exageration was too absurd for him. He not only made fun of other people but took pleasure in joking about himself. Here is one of his stories on himself.

He said that while sleeping one day, two monkeys came to his room. On awakening, one of the monkeys was brushing his hair before a looking-glass. The other was crying. He observed the monkey who was weeping and saw that he had just read one of his (Mark Twain's) best jokes. The joke was so poor that the monkey couldn't keep back the tears.

In writing and speaking, Mark Twain used small words. He was a fine story-teller. A joke always appealed to him and he was not above playing jokes on others. Once he went to Washington, D. C., and was invited to the White House, where the President of the United States lives. Mrs. Cleveland, wife of President Cleveland, was at home and she and Mark Twain enjoyed their conversation. Before leaving Mark Twain asked Mrs. Cleveland to sign her name and write these two words on the back of a card:

"He didn't."

Mrs. Cleveland did this and Mark Twain left. On reaching his own home he showed this card to Mrs. Clemens. On turning the card over she read what she herself had written before her husband left for Washington. She had known that Mark Twain would probably visit the White House and that he was very forgetful of his personal appearance. So she had written on the card this sentence:

"Don't wear your rubbers."

Mark Twain prepared his lectures with care. He rehearsed each word and gesture. Although he prepared everything, he was still a good speaker without preparation.

A reporter once asked Mark Twain's advice as to what he should write his paper, which had erroneosuly printed that the great humorist was dead.

"Say that the statement of my death is greatly exaggerated."

Mark Twain said that compliments were always embarrassing. One never knew how to receive them naturally. Besides, one always felt that the person had not said enough.

One day while in London, Mark Twain was taken by a friend to the studio of a famous artist. After being introduced, the artist showed him one of the pictures he was painting.

After looking carefully at the painting, Mark Twain said he didn't care much for that cloud, and appeared to be on the point of rubbing the cloud with his gloved finger.

"Don't touch it, the paint's wet," cried the artist, fearing his visitor would ruin the picture.

"Oh, that's all right," drawled Mark Twain, "these aren't my best gloves anyhow!"

Mark Twain had many "doubles" over the world. The number kept increasing. Once a month on an average, he received a letter from a new "double," enclosing a photograph in proof of the resemblance. The thing became tiresome to Mark Twain. He once wrote to one of these doubles as follows:

My dear Sir:

Many thanks for your letter, with enclosed photograph. Your resemblance to me is remarkable. In fact, to be perfectly honest, you look more like me than I look like myself. I was so much impressed by the resemblance that I have had your picture framed, and am now using it regularly, in place of a mirror, to shave by.

Yours gratefully,
S. L. Clemens.

He was witty on all subjects. He once said that a cauliflower was nothing but a cabbage with a college education.

As a world-famed genius no man has become more widely known. They say that even the Turkish guides in Constantinople, the Arab guides in Egypt, and the Italian guides in Rome, try to get customers by saying they had known Mark Twain when he visited there.

One day while visiting in a foreign country, Mark Twain was introduced at the palace to the king. The king complimented the great American on his books, said that he had read them, and that he had greatly enjoyed them. On returning to his room that evening, the janitor of the house stopped him and said he also had read his books with great pleasure. Here was a compliment from a ruler and a servant on the same day in a distant land.

As a philosopher, Mark Twain is also worthy of mention. He saw the truth in persons and things. He also saw the shams. When he wrote he made fun of the shams whether it was a millionaire, a king or a statesman. He sympathized with the poor and the ignorant. He pitied them for their lack of

opportunity. Nothing made him so indignant as to see injustice. Beneath much of his writing which most persons looked upon as mere wit and fun, lay serious thoughts.

It was this serious, practical and philosophical side of Mark Twain as well as his great genius as a humorist, that made universities confer honors on him. A mere joker, a fun maker, may be a good companion, a widely read author, a man popular with the people, but his fame will soon fade. If beneath his wit and humor, however, are found true statements on the life and habits of man, he will live.

Oxford University in England recognized the true greatness of Mark Twain by conferring on him a Doctor's degree. This was the first time that this university had so honored a humorist. The University of Missouri also honored him in a similar way. Before the world, Mark Twain stood recognized by both the man on the street and the professor in the college as an author of distinction.

EUGENE FIELD, 1850-1875

Poet Laureate of Children

GOOD poets never lack lovers. Their writings endear them to mankind. This is especially true of poets of children. They may not make us richer, frame good laws, explore countries, or make discoveries, but they do brighten our lives. They give us pleasant memories, and make us appreciate better the joys and sorrows of childhood. Ranking high as a children's poet is a native of Missouri. Schools and libraries have been named for him. Holidays have been observed in his honor. His lovers are numbered by the thousands. He has been called the "Poet Laureate of Children." His name is Eugene Field.

He was born in St. Louis on September 3, 1850. His parents were natives of Vermont. His father was a lawyer and came to Missouri in 1839. He became prominent in this state and on his death left a large estate. There were two sons, Eugene—the elder—and Roswell. Their mother died when Eugene was six and he was sent to a relative in Massachusetts. Eugene was reared in Massachusetts until he was about seventeen, when his father died. He received a good education and attended college. He then went to Knox College in Illinois but stayed there only a short time.

His brother, Roswell, was attending the University of Missouri in Columbia and Eugene joined him.

The life of Eugene Field, or "Gene" as most persons called him, at the Univeristy of Missouri,

is interesting. He entered it in 1871 and left in 1873. During these two years his college days were filled with activity. He cared little for study but enjoyed writing, singing and playing jokes. He was the leader of the students who worshipped him. Although he caused the professors considerable

Mark Twain Unveiling Tablet
On House Where Eugene
Field Was Born

trouble with his pranks, they could hardly keep from smiling at him.

He was six feet tall. The students called him "Field I" and his brother "Field II." 'Gene was a good actor. He had a voice, rich and deep. He was a fine speaker and singer. He won a medal for oratory. In theatricals given by the students he trained the others and was always the star.

He did not take his college days very seriously. He was wealthy and did not care for study except just before examination. He liked to get a crowd of boys around him and tell stories. He also enjoyed writing. He was literary editor of the first student publication, called the *University Missourian.* He helped found this paper in 1871; it lived two years. It was really a fine paper of its kind. All of Field's early writings, both poetry and prose were printed in it.

EUGENE FIELD
(From Walter B. Stevens' "Missouri; The Center State.")

While in the University he made friends with everybody in Columbia. He played the guitar and enjoyed going with his companions to some fair lady's home and serenading her. He was a great favorite both for his singing and his conversation. Next to his guitar in his heart 'Gene Field was a little black rat terrier called "Penny." He took "Penny" with him in the morning to his classes, to the table at noon, and to his girl's house in the evening. Since 'Gene was leader of the students he attended their councils. Sometimes when the students' council was trying to solve some problem,

'Gene would get down on the floor and have a great time with "Penny," until his friends stopped him.

He was this way all the time. Full of life, he enjoyed making others laugh. The jokes he played during his college days would fill a good sized book. Here are only several of the best known ones.

The president of the University was Doctor Reed, who owned a fine, large carriage horse. One night 'Gene Field slipped into the pasture, roached the horse's mane and shaved his tail. The next morning, disguised as a horse-trader, Field went to Doctor Reed and asked what he'd take for "that big gray mule out there." The Doctor said that he hadn't any mule and that the one in the pasture must belong to some other person.

Another night he took Doctor Reed's horse and painted it. The owner never recognized it the next day and marked it a "stray."

Again, Field borrowed a donkey and tied it near the Doctor's window where it kept the president of the University awake all night with its braying.

There are dozens of stories like these told about Field's days in Columbia. He may have been a poor student but he was certainly an active one.

On reaching the age of twenty-one he inherited sixty thousand dollars left by his father. Eugene Field decided to travel. Taking a companion, he went to Europe. He must have enjoyed himself while abroad. He returned in a year, having spent all of his fortune. He said in later life that he never regretted what that year cost him.

He now worked as a reporter in St. Louis. His career as a journalist had begun. He continued as

a writer for city newspapers until his death in Chicago on November 4, 1895.

Soon after working in St. Louis he married a St. Joseph girl, the sister of his companion abroad. The story of his wedding is not so well known but it shows his peculiar love for children, that makes him today so dearly beloved.

The wedding ceremony was to take place at a certain hour. The guests and the bride arrived on time but no groom appeared. The ceremony was delayed and still no groom. A messenger was sent and found that Eugene Field had stopped on his way to settle a quarrel between two boys in the street. And there was 'Gene Field in his best suit, down on his knees in the dirt playing marbles!

After his marriage Field worked on the newspapers in St. Joseph. He said that those first two years of his marriage were the happiest in his life. Altho he wrote about the other years of his life, he never wrote a line about those first two years. He said they were too dear and precious and sacred. We love a man who has such ideals.

After leaving St. Joseph, he worked on newspapers in Kansas City, Denver and finally in Chicago. In the latter city he worked on the Chicago "News" and "Record" until his death. On these papers he filled from one to two columns daily under the heading "Flats and Sharps." These later appeared in book form. He gained much prominence by his articles as well as by his books.

His first writing to appear in book form was "The Tribune Primer," written while he was on the *Denver Tribune*. In 1889 he published two volumes,

one entitled "A Little Book of Western Verse," and the other "A Little Book of Profitable Tales." These were widely read and at once gave him a national reputation. Another book of verse appeared in 1892. This was followed by "The Holy Cross, and Other Tales." In 1893, he and his brother, who was also an author and a journalist in Chicago, published "Echoes from the Sabine Farm." "Love Songs of Childhood" were published in 1894. After his death were published "The House" and "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomanic." All of his works have since been published in a set of ten volumes and have had a large sale. They are read by the old and the young, and give pleasure to both. His most widely read poems are those on children.

His own love for children made him appreciate them. Although he had a grave countenance and rarely smiled, children loved him from the start. He was so joyous and playful that they felt that he was just like they were. He liked dolls! In his home he had a case with shelves that was filled with all kinds of dolls and toys. Whenever he went to a friend's home, the children flocked around him. Some would get on his knees and others at his side. Then he would tell them the funniest stories and ask the queerest questions. The children would laugh all the time, but Field wouldn't smile.

Once he went to the house of a prominent preacher who happened to be out. Of course, the children had read his "Little Boy Blue" and other poems, and they gathered around him. He asked them where the "kitchen" was. They understood, and led him to the kitchen. There they found part of a roast

turkey and other good things. Taking these into the dining room, they all had a fine feast. The celebrated preacher learned that evening at the supper table that Eugene Field had been there.

Eugene Field was a queer man. He liked to write with different colored inks. Over his desk hung a sign: "This is my busy day." He made money easily but was always poor. Whenever he saw an old vase, an ax, or any old curio, he bought it. His home was filled with these things. It looked like a curiosity shop or a secondhand store. Persons wondered how Mrs. Field endured having this old junk around, but his four little girls must have greatly enjoyed fingering his collection.

Eugene Field was always without money. He decided to ask the editor of the Chicago News for an increase in salary. Each morning as he entered the newspaper building he walked to the private office of the editor, and each time his courage failed him. On morning a tramp with four poorly clad children appeared in the editor's office. They stretch-out their hands and said:

"Please, sir, won't you raise my father's salary?"

The editor was astonished until the ragged man took off his slouch hat, when there stood Eugene Field! Of course, the editor enjoyed the joke and "my father's salary" was raised.

Many stories are told of Eugene Field's love for men and children. These two stories are by another Missouri poet, Lee Shippey, to whom they were told by a reporter friend of Field's when they both worked on the *Kansas City Times*:

A Child's Friend

"He was a poet and a child, a man of great tenderness and generosity. His love for children was one of his strongest characteristics. One cold night I went up to *The Times* office to see him. When we came out together we saw the office boy, a tiny, thinly clad youngster, waiting in the draughty hall for midnight, when it was his duty to go to the postoffice for the mail. 'Gene saw him and patting him on the shoulder gave him a quarter and sent him home to his mother. Then 'Gene and I went to the postoffice and lugged back to the *Times* office four big sacks of mail. As we puffed up the stairs 'Gene said: 'This is pretty tough, but I'll bet that boy's mother was glad to see him.' "

A Tramp's Friend.

"One day Field came into my place with a ragged tramp whose teeth chattered and whose flesh showed blue through the rents in his clothing. 'Here, Gaston,' he said, 'come and buy this chap a suit of clothes. It's an outrage that a man should not be decently clad in this sort of weather.' I put on my coat and we took the tramp to a clothing store. 'Gene picked out a suit worth twenty-five dollars, as good as he wore himself, and the best shirt and socks in the place. I objected to buying the tramp such expensive clothing, saying that a cheaper suit was good enough, and after a long argument he compromised on a suit for twelve dollars, for which I paid, advancing the money for Field.

"One day he had his salary and I met him in the street. He showed me the money and said it would take every cent of it to pay his rent. As we walked up the street we came to a china store and stopped to look in the window. There was a beautiful cup and saucer imported from France and elaborately decorated. We both admired it and 'Gene turned to me and said: 'Do you like that, George?' I replied that it was very beautiful. When I got home that night I found the cup and saucer. It was a present from 'Gene and the rent was not paid that time."

In some ways Eugene Field was like Mark Twain. He hated sham and hypocracy. He was never afraid to expose pretense and dishonesty. He once told a fellow reporter:

"I've always made war upon shams. I've stood always in my work for decency and manliness and honesty. I'm not much physically, but morally, I'm not a coward."

His poetry on children is read more today than when it was first printed. He was not a great poet but he was a poet that boys and girls, men and women, love.

Perhaps his most widely known poem is his "Little Boy Blue." He had a little son who died. Mrs. Fields gave her husband the key to the closet where the boy had kept his toys. She told Eugene to lock the closet without disturbing any of the toys. Years later she said that he might unlock the closet and see what was in it. Here is what Eugene Field found as he told it in his poem, "Little Boy Blue:"

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And the musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," said he,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there?

CARL WIMAR, 1829-1862

Missouri's Great Painter of Indians

AMERICA has produced a number of famous artists. A hundred years ago she had painters who studied art in Europe under European teachers. When they came back to America they painted European pictures. There were as many interesting things to paint in this country as there were in Europe, but for some reason these American artists did not paint them. Here were old forts, big rivers, lofty mountains, and prairies and woods where roamed the buffalo and Indian. No finer subjects could an artist wish to paint than these. What could be more picturesque than the savage American Indian on his wild pony hunting a herd of buffalo! Or, a tribe of Indians attacking a white settlement and carrying off prisoners! Still, the American artist did not appreciate his opportunities in his own country. Then came one who saw and loved these things; who when a boy roamed through the woods and made friends with the Indians. This boy was not born in Missouri but he lived and died here. His name was Carl Wimar, Missouri's great Indian painter.

Born in Germany on February 19, 1829, Charles Ferdinand Wimar, or Carl Wimar as he always signed his name, came to America at the age of fifteen years. With him came his mother and her family. His step-father had emigrated several years

before and had settled in St. Louis, where they all made their new home.

St. Louis was then a frontier town. It was the headquarters of the American Fur Company. Every year many Indians came to St. Louis to trade their furs for guns, powder, lead and other things. The Indians always camped at the edge of town near young Wimar's home.

The shy German lad had never seen Indians before and he was greatly interested in them. He would go to their camp and ask them questions about their wars, hunting parties and escapes from wild animals. He soon became a great favorite with his new friends. One big Indian warrior had a special fancy for young Wimar, and would take him into the woods and teach him how to use the tomahawk, the spear, and the bow and arrow. In a short time Wimar loved his Indian friends and they were always welcomed to his home. They would go to his home, open the door softly, and glide without noise into the living room. Then they would startle the family by saying, "How?"

During this time the young boy was filling his memory with pictures of greatest value to him in later years. He observed closely the dress of his Indian friends, he studied their half-naked bodies and he never forgot. He was naturally an artist and everything appealed to him. Man, clouds, sunshine, mountains, streams and woods were observed by him and stored away in his mind.

Wimar's parents were poor and it was necessary that he find work to help make a living for the family. It was decided that he should learn a trade

and he said he wanted to become a painter. He first worked with a common painter of houses and steamboats but he had a higher ambition. He soon found a sympathetic friend named Pomarede, who saw that young Wimar had great talent as an artist. Pomarede was an artist and soon entrusted Wimar with more important work than painting houses and steamboats. He permitted him to paint picture signs, and decorate wagons with pictures. Wimar became a good workman and was original. He was always prompt and cheerful, and worked hard. He was reliable except when a new band of Indians visited St. Louis. Then the old desire would come over him and forgetting everything he would visit his red men friends.

At this time occurred the most romantic incident of his life. In the humble home of his parents a poor traveler, sick and homeless, rested one day and begged for shelter and food. Poor as was the family, they took pity on him and offered to share their frugal home. The needy one was of refined appearance and good education. The parents asked no questions of their guest, who soon became very ill. They nursed him until he had been brought back to health. While recovering he took a great interest in the artistic, gentle lad and sympathized with his love for art. The stranger spoke to the boy and to his father of the opportunities that Carl would have if he could only study art in Europe, but this was impossible, for the father was too poor. On regaining his health, the stranger, whose name they had never asked, thanked them for their great kindness and left their home. For years no tidings came from

the stranger. Young Wimar continued to paint signs and decorate wagons, and forgot the refined stranger.

One day on coming down the Missouri River from a sketching trip, young Wimar was told that he had fallen heir to a small fortune.

The stranger on returning to his own country had inherited some money. He was soon stricken with a fatal illness, and made his will in favor of Carl Wimar, whose parents had sheltered and fed him when he lay sick without money in St. Louis. The kindhearted act of Wimar's parents finally made possible the training of one of the greatest Indian artists of America.

Wimar set out for Germany in 1852 and studied under several of the greatest German artists for four years. They called him the Indian painter. He had great ability and studied hard. While in Germany he painted a number of fine pictures, before he was twenty-five years old. Among these were "The Captive Charger," "Attack on an Emigrant Train," and "Abduction of Daniel Boone's Daughter by the Indians." All these were Indian subjects and were well painted.

Wimar returned to St. Louis in 1856 and during the next six years painted a large number of excellent Indian pictures, the most famous being: "The Buffalo Hunt," "The Buffalo Hunt by Indians," "Billy Bowlegs" (a Seminole Indian Chief), "The Wounded Buffalo," "Buffalo Crossing the Yellowstone," "Lost Trail or War Trail," "Buffalo Crossing the Platte River," "Indians Pursued by American Dragoons," and "Buffalo Dance."

During these six years Wimar made several trips to the Upper Missouri River and visited the Indian tribes on the plains. His first trip was in 1858. He took with him a camera, oil paints, crayons and pencils with which to reproduce the Indians and their homes.

The steamboat he went on had a calliope (steam organ). When this began to play, the Indians were greatly frightened and thought it the voice of some monster.

The Indians were also afraid of Wimar's camera. They refused to have their pictures taken unless Wimar gave them presents. Some of the Indian tribes thought that the camera would give them the smallpox.

Wimar carried a number of toys and trinkets with him to trade with the Indians. With these he obtained from them, Indian weapons and costumes. He had a double looking-glass. One side made a true reflection of a person's face, and the other side made a face much larger than it really was. Wimar showed this to one Indian chief who was so scared when he saw the big face that he threw it down and ran away. Wimar picked it up and showed the true side of the looking-glass to another. All was well until Wimar mischeviously turned the glass to the other side. The Indians thought Wimar was a magician. Finally he traded the wonderful glass for a fine bow and a pack of arrows.

On later trips the Indians came to know Wimar better and all loved him. The squaws made him head-dresses, tobacco-pouches, and other articles and gave them to him. He was gentle to all and never

had an enemy. When the Indians learned of his death, they mourned for him the same as if he had been one of their tribe.

His many trips to the Indians on the Upper Missouri River not only furnished him with material for dozens of pictures but also hundreds of Indian articles. He had a large museum in St. Louis, and the best collection of Indian weapons in America.

Wimar looked like an Indian. He had prominent cheek-bones, small eyes, and the pigeon-toed walk of the American savage. One of his companions, for years, said that he had always thought Wimar was part Indian.

He was gentle, shy and reserved. He loved his mother and said he always wanted to be able to buy her a home. Towards his later years he contracted tuberculosis. He was sick most of the time but continued painting. His paintings sold well and he was beginning to make a fair income. One day he said:

"Mother, if I last long enough, I shall be so rich that I can have a bank account."

He married in 1861 and one child was born, but it died in infancy.

His last work was painting and decorating the dome of the St. Louis Court House. He asked five hundred dollars for this work but was given one thousand dollars, which was indeed very cheap for such fine paintings. His health continued failing and he had to be carried to and from his work.

On returning home one night he said to his wife:

"This is my last work, when the dome is finished I shall be finished too."

His words were only too true for on finishing the dome, the paint brush fell from his hands and he died on November 28, 1862, at the age of thirty-three years.

Carl Wimar was more than an ordinary artist. He had genius both in imagining pictures and in painting pictures. He saw clearly the great field for the artist in the Indian and his surroundings. His paintings of the Indian and the buffalo have never been surpassed. He was one of the first to enter this distinctly American field of art. Wimar was a Western painter. He was reared and received his impressions in Missouri. His name and his work do honor to his state.

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM, 1811-1879

The Missouri Artist

A HUNDRED years ago the most important western town in Missouri was old Franklin in Howard county. It lay on the north bank of the Missouri River. In a few years it had over a thousand inhabitants and rivaled St. Louis. Some of Missouri's greatest lawyers settled there. It had a large trade with the pioneer settlers nearby and everything pointed to it becoming a large city. In ten years, however, the Missouri River changed its course and cut into the town. Today part of old Franklin lies in the center of the bed of the river.

When Franklin was in its glory, a certain family of Virginians settled there in 1819. The father was poor and tried to make a living by raising tobacco and later by keeping a tavern. He had seven children, one a boy eight years old. This lad was remarkable. When only four years old he drew good pictures on his slate. Before he was eight years old he had covered the pump, fences and outbuildings of his old Virginia home with paintings of men and animals. Of course his pictures were crude, but good for a boy of his years. He was a born painter. His name was George Caleb Bingham, Missouri's first artist.

Born in Virginia on March 20, 1811, George spent his first eight years on a large plantation in the "Old Dominion" State. His father was Scotch, his mother German. Both were well educated and

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM
(From Fern Helen Rusk's "George Caleb Bingham: The Missouri Artist.")

cultured. George's father lost nearly all of his property and decided to come to Missouri where land was cheap and fertile. Things did not go well in his new western home, and in 1823 he died, leaving a large family. George was then only twelve years old.

Mrs. Bingham was a remarkable woman. She moved her family to a small farm she owned near Arrow Rock in Saline county, and taught school in her own home. She had a good library and George studied hard. He afterwards became a good speaker in public, all of which he owed to his mother's training.

Although George was a good pupil, he enjoyed painting much more. He could not buy good paints for his mother was too poor, so he made his own paints. He mixed axle grease, vegetable dyes, brick-dust and oil.

His mother soon sent him to work and he was employed to make cigars. His spare hours he put in drawing and painting.

In his sixteenth year his mother apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker in Boonville, in Cooper county. George soon became the best wood-carver in the shop. He was so artistic that all admired his work. He did not enjoy wood-work, however, and at odd hours painted on boards. He also studied law and religion in the evenings, and was undecided whether to become a lawyer or a preacher. Fortunately for Missouri, before he made up his mind, a traveller came to Boonville who changed young Bingham's career.

This stranger was the celebrated artist, Chester Harding. Bingham had met Harding in Franklin seven years before. This time he showed Harding his pictures, painted on boards, and the great artist was interested in the young boy. He gave Bingham lessons in painting and advised him to go to St. Louis some day and study art. Harding's encouragement made Bingham decide to become an artist.

Three years later, at the age of nineteen, he set out on foot for St. Louis, one hundred and fifty miles away. He had no money and all his personal belongings were in a bundle strapped to his shoulders. He became ill with the measles. In a deserted old log cabin he lay for weeks, attended by a kind young doctor and an old negress. The negress was afraid to go near him and pushed his food and drink to him through the door. He was finally cured but lost all his hair, and was bald the rest of his life.

He went home and set up a studio in Franklin. Here he painted portraits of different persons in the town. Although he used common house paints and had only some stumps of brushes, he painted remarkably good portraits.

He worked fast, often putting out a portrait in a day. He visited other towns close by and had much work. In Columbia he painted a number of portraits and made many friends. Among these was Major James S. Rollins, a noted lawyer and a man of wealth.

Major Rollins took a great interest in Bingham and loaned him one hundred dollars to go to St. Louis and study art.

COUNTY ELECTION
(From Fern Helen Rusk's "George Caleb Bingham: The Missouri Artist.")

Bingham went to St. Louis and studied hard. He was very poor and slept, rolled up in a blanket, in an unfinished attic. His friends in St. Louis were always of the better class, cultured and educated.

After finishing his studies in art in St. Louis, he returned to Boonville, where he married. With his own hands he built a brick house in Arrow Rock for his wife, and then visited a number of towns in Central Missouri, painting portraits.

He painted so many portraits of Missourians that someone said:

"Almost every family had its Bingham portraits."

He spent several years in the East, especially in Philadelphia, and studied art in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Here he met America's greatest artists. All this did much to help him. His pictures became better and his paintings were more accurate and artistic.

In 1840 Bingham returned to Missouri and became interested in politics. He was a good speaker and attended political meetings. At these gatherings he observed closely the way the men dressed, talked, and acted. He later used these impressions for pictures.

After spending four years in Washington, D. C., where he painted portraits of the leading American statesmen, he returned to his home in Saline county and was elected to the Missouri Legislature. His election was contested and he lost. Two years later he was elected again and kept his place. While in the Legislature he was able and honest.

Bingham now began painting pictures of Missouri life as well as portraits. He painted election

VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE
(From Fern Helen Rusk's "George Caleb Bingham: The Missouri Artist.")

scenes, where the voters came to give their votes. He called one of those pictures, "County Election;" another, "Verdict of the People." He painted other political pictures, as, "Canvassing for a Vote," and "Stump Speaking." Another picture was a "Puzzled Witness"—a court room painting.

In all these paintings, the persons represented the typical Missourians of that day. They were true to life. He painted Missourians as they actually were. This is why Bingham has been called "The Missouri Artist."

He also painted scenes on the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. One of these was the "Jolly Flatboatmen." In all his pictures of groups or of crowds of men, Bingham always painted a dog somewhere in the picture. The only exception was the "Jolly Flatboatmen." He was asked why he had left out the dog in this picture. He replied:

"I have not, the dog is in the hold." (i. e., beneath the deck out of sight.)

He made several trips East to New York and other cities where he set up his studio and painted. For two years he studied in Germany. He was absent minded, and one day, while in Germany, he put on his coat wrong-side-out. The coat had a Scotch plaid lining and when Bingham walked down the street, a crowd of German children followed him. He didn't know what was wrong until his wife met him at the door and pointed to his coat.

Bingham lived in several Missouri towns. Besides Franklin, Arrow Rock and Boonville, he resided in Jefferson City, St. Louis, Independence and Kansas City. While living in Columbia, the waitress one

JOLLY FLATBOATMEN
(From Fern Helen Rusk's "George Caleb Bingham: The Missouri Artist.")

day caught her sleeve in Bingham's wig and carried it half way down the table before she noticed it. All were embarrassed until Bingham wittily remarked:

"I was not able to keep my *own* hair on my head; how could I hope to keep the artificial?"

When the Civil War broke out, Bingham enlisted and was elected a captain in the Union army.

In 1862, General Thomas Ewing of the Union army issued "Order Number 11," which commanded the people in several western Missouri counties to leave their homes within a certain time. In these counties a number of robberies and murders had taken place, and General Ewing said they were caused by men who were sheltered by the inhabitants. "Order Number 11" meant great loss of property to all, and Bingham protested to General Ewing. The Union general refused to revoke the order, and Bingham resolved to paint a picture of the effects of the order. This was his famous painting, "Order No. 11 or Martial Law." He painted this on a table-cloth and it was one of his most famous works. The man on horseback in the center of the picture is General Ewing. The old man is the owner of the home being destroyed by Union soldiers. The crowds in the background are fleeing from their homes.

Another famous painting is the "Emigration of Daniel Boone." This shows Boone coming over the mountains into Kentucky.

Bingham's first wife died in 1848. He married twice afterwards.

He held several public offices besides serving in the Legislature and being State Treasurer. In 1874

ORDER NO. 11
(From Fern Helen Rusk's "George Caleb Bingham: The Missouri Artist.")

he was appointed on Kansas City's first Board of Police Commissioners and in 1875 was appointed Adjutant General of Missouri.

He served as professor of art in the University of Missouri in 1877 and delivered lectures on art.

He died in Kansas City on July 7, 1879, and was buried there.

Bingham was not a great artist compared to the celebrated painters of the world, but he did have genius. He tried to do too much, both in painting and in living. He was a public official as well as an artist, and this took much of his time. As a painter he made his livelihood. He painted scores of portraits, but his pictures would have been better had he painted fewer. However, Bingham's name and his art will always live. He was the first to portray the picturesque scenes of a western election, a court room, a steamboat deck, and other similar representations of western life. For this alone he will not be forgotten. Besides, Bingham was a man of ability. He was also honest and detested injustice. He was deeply loved by his friends, and hated by his enemies. He did much to aid his state as well as encourage the study of art in Missouri.

EMIGRATION OF DANIEL BOONE
(From Fern Helen Rusk's "George Caleb Bingham: The Missouri Artist.")

MERIWETHER LEWIS, 1774-1809, WILLIAM CLARK 1770-1838

Explorers of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-1806

WHEN people talk of exploration today, they usually mention the North and South Poles, Central Africa, the Amazon River, or perhaps Thibet. The United States is not thought of. Even elementary school geographies show the boundaries of every state, the source of each river, the mountain ranges, and the location of thousands of towns. Today this country is fairly well known from ocean to ocean by every school-boy and girl. A little more than a hundred years ago, however, no white man could have accurately told where the Missouri River began, how long it was, how wide or how high the Rocky Mountains were, or how far it was from these mountains to the Pacific Ocean. In fact, nearly all the country between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean was an unknown land except to a few traders and trappers, and the Indians. None of them had more than a vague idea of its extent and their information was generally untrustworthy.

For years President Thomas Jefferson had desired to have this great western country explored. Altho it did not belong to the United States at that time, President Jefferson was interested in it. In 1803 Congress approved the plan and the same year France sold this western land to this nation. President Jefferson wanted to send an exploring party up the Missouri River, across the mountains, and to

the Pacific Ocean. The main problem was to select the right man to lead such an expedition. The success of the undertaking depended on its leader. Such a leader must be educated, brave, resourceful, and a careful observer. President Jefferson regarded his private secretary as such a man. He accordingly appointed Captain Meriwether Lewis. Captain Lewis selected as his companion, who should also be equal in command, his friend, Captain William Clark. Their expedition is known in history as the "Lewis and Clark Expedition"—the greatest of its kind in this country.

Meriweather Lewis was born in Virginia on August 18, 1774. He came of a distinguished family. His father having died early, the boy was reared by his mother. As a child he was active, brave and studious. When only eight years old he would go alone to the woods at night and hunt opossums and raccoons. He received a good education. At the age of eighteen he returned to his mother's farm. Here he not only worked hard, but he carefully observed and studied the different plants and wild animals of his state. When he was twenty years old he volunteered in the militia and at twenty-three was a captain. He was later appointed private secretary to President Jefferson, which position he held for two years. President Jefferson carefully watched the young man and saw how resourceful and industrious he was. Young Lewis completely won the respect of the great man and his reward was the leadership of the western exploring party. Before assuming command Captain Lewis went to Philadelphia to learn more about the scientific names of plants and animals,

astronomy and civil engineering, and other things that might be useful to him in the west.

On account of the dangers of the trip thru tribes of hostile Indians and over unknown rivers and mountains, Captain Lewis desired to select some one who could command the expedition if anything happened to him. He thought at once of his friend, Capt. William Clark, a man of experience and power. Captain Clark accepted the invitation. Altho Lewis was the official head of the expedition, he gave Clark equal authority. In fact the expedition is always called the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

MERIWETHER LEWIS
(From Walter B. Stevens' "Missouri; The Center State.")

Captain William Clark was born in Virginia on Angust 1, 1770. He also came of a good Virginia family and was born not far from the birthplace of Lewis. He was the ninth child in a family of ten. One of his brothers was the celebrated George Rogers Clark, who led the American soldiers into Illinois and Indiana during the Revolutionary War. At the age of fourteen, the family moved to Kentucky where young Clark was reared. He received little educa-

tion in books, but had a wide experience with frontier life. At the age of eighteen years he entered the regular army and in two years was a captain in the militia. He was forced to resign in 1796 on account of ill health. Before resigning he met Lewis, who was a private under him. The closest friendship developed between these two men, which lasted until their death. On receiving Captain Lewis' invitation to share the command of the western expedition, he left his farm in Kentucky and joined his friend at Louisville.

WILLIAM CLARK
(From Walter B. Stevens' "Missouri: The Center State.")

Captain Lewis received from President Jefferson detailed instructions regarding the expedition on July 30, 1803. He and Clark were to go four thousand miles over a country that no white man had explored. They were to leave St. Louis and follow

the Missouri River to the mountains. They were to cross the mountains and go down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. On arriving at the coast they were told to return either by land or ship. A map was given them as a guide but it was of no help. This map showed that the Missouri River rose in *central California.* And it failed to show any mountains!

They were told to take the latitude and longitude each day. They were to keep a journal of their trip. In it were to be described the Indian tribes they met, their numbers and names, the land they held, their relations with other tribes, their language, customs, occupations, religions, food, clothing, diseases, and many other things. These two young men were also to make maps of the country, showing rivers, mountains, and altitude of the land. They were to describe the animals and plants of the country. In fact, they were to observe and study everything they met on their journey.

Lewis left Washington, D. C., in July, 1803. Clark joined him at Louisville. The two went to St. Louis where they made preparations for the journey that winter. On May 14, 1804, they left St. Louis. There were forty-five persons in all—soldiers, hunters, boatment, workmen, an interpreter, and a negro servant of Clark's. They had one boat fifty-five feet long with twenty-two oars and a big square sail, and several open boats. The horses were led along the banks of the river. The ascent of the Missouri River began without an accident.

On June 26th, the expedition reached the mouth of the Kansas River, where they camped several

days. It had taken them forty-three days to cross what is today the State of Missouri. On July 26th, they reached the mouth of the Platte River, six hundred miles above St. Louis. Along the trip they held conferences with the Indians, making treaties of peace, distributing a few presents, and buying supplies. On August 19th, one of the party, Sergeant Floyd, died. This was the only death. There was also one desertion. By the last of October, the expedition had traveled sixteen hundred miles from St. Louis. A fort was built on November 20th, which was called Fort Mandan, from the Mandan Indians. Here the party encamped all winter.

Among the Mandan Indians was a squaw named, "Sacajawea," meaning the "Bird Woman." When a child among her people—the Snake Indians—she had been captured. She married a Frenchman, named Chabqneau, and they had one son. On learning that Lewis and Clark were going farther west to where the Snake Indians lived, the "Bird Woman" and her husband decided to go along. She was later to be of the greatest help to Lewis and Clark.

On April 7, 1805, the expedition left Fort Mandan, having sent fourteen men back to St. Louis. On April 26th, they reached the mouth of the Yellowstone River, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight miles above St. Louis. They were now near the country of the grizzly bear. On May 26th, they first saw the Rocky Mountains, and on June 13th, the Great Falls of the Missouri. At the latter place, Captain Lewis had an experience that shows some of the dangers of the trip from the wild animals alone.

One day Captain Lewis left the main party and went on ahead. On returning he forgot to load his gun and met a large grizzly bear. Being unable to escape, he was forced to enter the river. He stood in the water, facing the bear on the bank, resolved to fight with his knife if the animal followed. After a few minutes the bear slowly walked away, much to the young man's relief. Proceeding until nightfall, he met a wolverine, which showed fight. A little later three buffalo attacked him but he escaped. The next morning on awakening, he saw a large rattlesnake coiled by the trunk of a tree under which he had slept!

From now the journey became more difficult. After a hard day's work in rowing the boats or traveling by land, the men would gather around the camp fire and dance to the music of an old violin that one of the party had brought. Most of the time, however, they were too tired to do anything.

On July 25, 1805, they reached the three forks of the Missouri River, which were named by Captain Clark the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin. Food was getting scarcer every day. They were now in the high mountain country and glad to obtain a wolf, eagle or even an owl for meat. The men were slowly starving. On August 12th, they came to the source of the Missouri River and on the same day reached the source of the streams that flowed into the Columbia River. They were on the crest of the Continental Divide which separates the waters that flow into the Gulf of Mexico from those that flow into the Pacific.

The men had already killed their horses for meat and for several days were without food. When the men had given up hope of life, the expedition arrived in the country of the "Bird Woman." Her brother was chief of the Indians there and was glad to see her again. The travellers were well fed and rested here several days. The Indians sold them new horses and they left for the coast in September. Their journey was day after day of hardships, starvation, cold, and weariness. For weeks their only food was some dried berries and powdered fish. They were again forced to kill their horses. Meeting another tribe of Indians they bought some dogs, which they ate. These Indians called them, "Dog Eaters." Finally on November 6, 1805, they sighted the Pacific Ocean. They built a fort and spent the winter on the coast. No ship passed and on March 23, 1806, they started on their return trip. After equal hardship, they reached St. Louis on September 23, 1806.

No word had been received from Lewis and Clark for nearly two years. They had been given up as lost. On arriving in St. Louis they were greeted everywhere with highest honors. Congress passed a law giving each man double pay for his service and three hundred acres of land. To Captain Lewis was granted fifteen hundred acres and to Captain Clark, one thousand acres. Captain Lewis protested against this, for he thought they should have received equal amounts.

The expedition was a success. It had discovered a new land and through its journals had mapped and described this land. It had traversed four

thousand miles of an unknown country and had returned—making a journey of eight thousand miles! It had discovered new rivers, mountains and mountain passes. It showed the vastness of the great Northwest where today are the states of the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. All of these the expedition had accomplished and had preserved in a clearly written journal. No inland expedition in this country has done so much considering the equipment, difficulties and the times.

On March 3, 1807, President Jefferson appointed Captain Lewis Governor of Louisiana Territory (Upper Louisiana) with headquarters at St. Louis. He held this office two years. He died on October 11, 1809, in Tennessee, while on a trip to Washington. The cause of his death has never been definitely known. Some said he killed himself, others that he was robbed and murdered. His early death at the age of thirty-five years was lamented by his hundreds of friends.

On March 12, 1807, Captain Clark was appointed brigadier-general of the territorial militia in Louisiana Territory and also Indian agent. As Indian agent he had charge of making peace and war with the Indians. He was fearless but because he was also a man of his word, the Indians loved and respected him. They called him "Red Head," because of the color of his hair. "Red Head" was always welcomed by the Indians, who knew that he was just and fair.

After the death of Captain Lewis, the completion of the journals of Lewis and Clark Expedition was left in Captain Clark's hands. In 1813, Captain Clark

was appointed Governor of Missouri Territory by President Madison. He served until Missouri became a state in 1820. In 1822 President Monroe appointed him Superintendent of Indian Affairs, a position he held for sixteen years. He died at the home of his eldest son, Meriwether Lewis Clark, in St. Louis on September 1, 1838.

JAMES B. EADS, 1820-1887

Missouri's Greatest Engineer and Inventor

A HUNDRED years ago on the streets of St. Louis, a small sickly looking boy of thirteen was selling newspapers. No one paid special attention to him. People bought their papers from the frail lad and then passed by.

His parents were poor and he was helping his father make a living for his mother and his two sisters. Altho he had gone to school only three years, the poor newsboy wanted an education. He determined to educate himself. He read books at home in the evening. His father and mother were educated and encouraged him.

When he was fourteen, he clerked in a store. The storekeeper had a large library from whom he borrowed many books. He read about inventions; steam-engines and steamboats; building bridges and digging canals; and all kinds of mechanical work. He would go down to the shore of the Mississippi River and for hours look at the machinery on the steamboats. He visited the sawmills. He watched men using big derricks to lift the heavy logs. These were the things he liked.

His father saw how interested his son was in machinery, and encouraged him. He let him use the basement for a workshop. Here the boy constructed small engines, sawmills and other things. He made these so well that they looked like real ones. One day he decided to make a steamboat that would sail.

JAMES B. EADS

He built one six feet long and made a little engine out of old pieces of iron. After it was finished, he took it down to a pond, started the engine, and sure enough the boat sailed. It went around the pond and was a success.

The boy who did this was then only fifteen years old and had been to school only three years. His name was James B. Eads. He became Missouri's greatest engineer and inventor, and one of the most famous in America.

His parents were from old Virginia. His father was a Welchman. At one time they were wealthy but later lost all they had. They moved to Indiana where young Eads was born on March 23, 1820. Thirteen years later they came by boat to St. Louis. Before reaching their new home in Missouri, their steamboat was burned. They lost all their household goods and barely saved their lives. On the very spot where young Eads landed at St. Louis, he began building his famous bridge across the Mississippi River thirty-four years later.

Besides selling newspapers and clerking in a store, the lad did odd jobs. He worked hard in the daytime and read books in the night. He had a genius for engineering. He was a natural inventor.

Besides reading books on machinery and surveying, he studied arithmetic. His ambition was to be an engineer and he was determined to educate himself, since he could not go to college. He borrowed books and read them carefully. With his spare money he bought books. In a few years he had made great progress.

After clerking in a store, he became a clerk on a Mississippi River steamboat. The great river with its mass of water, its snags and sand-bars, its windings and curves, had always fascinated him. He observed everything about it with the closest and keenest attention. He watched it cut into the soft earth banks and make a new channel here and there. He saw it rage during high waters and flood the rich lands for miles. He saw how powerful it was, how good it was to man in carrying on its waves the hundreds of steamboats between St. Louis and New Orleans, and how destructive it could be when not confined in its channel. He learned its whims and fancies, but saw that it really obeyed certain laws of nature. This knowledge that young Eads obtained, was to be of the greatest aid to him in later years.

When only twenty-two years old, Eads invented a diving-bell to recover cargoes of sunken steamers in the river. Altho he was small, seemed frail and weak, he had great endurance. He frequently went down in the diving-bell when other men were afraid. In a few years he made much money, which he carefully saved.

With this money he built a glass factory, the first in the Mississippi Valley. Unfortunately this was a failure. He lost all his money and was in debt $25,000. He borrowed $1,500 and went back to his old work of recovering sunken cargoes.

He then invented a large boat for pumping the sand and water out of sunken ships, after which the ship and cargo could be raised to the top. He soon paid off his debts and made over a half million dollars for himself.

His health failed and for several years Eads was an invalid. He was now being recognized as a remarkable engineer.

On recovering, he proposed to the United States Government to remove the snags from the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and Arkansas rivers. In these rivers were thousands of rocks and stumps of trees just below the surface of the water. These snags were objects of terror to steamboat pilots. Hundreds of boats were sunk by striking these snags which made great holes in the bottom of the boat. Thousands of dollars and scores of lives were lost. Eads wanted to remove these dangerous obstacles. The United States Government, however, refused to take up this great work.

When the Civil War opened, President Lincoln telegraphed Eads to come at once to Washington. The Confederacy of the South controlled the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers. They had forts on these rivers that prevented the Union troops from being transported on them. The only way to open these rivers to the Union was to build armored boats with which to capture the Confederate forts. But where get such boats? President Lincoln asked Eads to build them. He wanted eight fast boats, fully equipped in one hundred days!

Few thought this was possible. Such a thing had never been done in so short a time. Eads said he could and would do it. And he did. In forty-five days he finished the first "iron-clad" or armored boat. Ten days later six more were completed, and before the one hundred days had passed the eight iron-clads were on the river at St. Louis. It was these boats

that enabled the capture of Forts Donelson and Henry, and Island No. 10.

During the war, Eads built fourteen heavily armored boats, remade seven ordinary boats into gunboats, and constructed four mortar boats. This fleet of iron-clads opened the Mississippi River to the Union soldiers, and helped Farragut win his victory in Mobile Bay.

In 1867, James B. Eads began one of his greatest pieces of work. This was the construction of the world famous Eads Bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis. This steel arch bridge, in some ways the greatest in the world up to that time, was completed in 1874. It stands today a lasting monument to its maker. So permanent is it that even wear and weather cannot destroy it if properly taken care of.

Eads Bridge rests on solid rock piers. The foundation of one of these piers is one hundred and thirty six feet below high water. To dig this, the workmen cut through ninety feet of sand and rock. The Bridge has three spans. The central one is five hundred and twenty feet long; the two side-spans are each five hundred and two feet long. Twenty-eight leading engineers said at the time that such long spans could not be built. Eads said they could, and he built them. These spans stretch over the river fifty feet above its waters. All steamboats can pass under the bridge without trouble.

In constructing the bridge, Eads met hundreds of problems. His mind solved them all. He invented new machines to raise and place the tons of iron. He invented a sand-pump to help excavate. Some of his

plans and inventions were used in building the famous Brooklyn Bridge.

Greater bridges have been built since Eads built the one that bears his name. At that time, however, it was perhaps the greatest bridge in the world.

Eads' next great work was deepening and widening the mouth of the Mississippi River. Below the Missouri River, the water of the Mississippi River is full of fine particles of dirt and sand, which gives it a muddy color. At the mouths of the river much of this dirt and sand had been deposited for years until the channel was becoming too narrow and shallow for ships to pass thru. Sand-bars formed and were a menace to commerce. The United States Government investigated and, after considerable opposition from the army civil engineers, agreed to let Eads remove these sand-bars, deepen and widen the channel.

This was a great undertaking. Eads' enemies said that new sand-bars would form as soon as the old ones were removed. This did not discourage Eads for he had a new plan that he felt certain would be a success. Eads proposed to make the river do the work of carrying away the old sand-bars and of deepening and widening its own channel. He was simply going to harness the river like a man harnessed a team of horses. Instead of using leather straps and buckles, he intended to use willow-mattresses, stones and concrete.

Eads knew the habits of the river like a farmer knows his horse. He knew how to make it remove a sand-bar by narrowing or changing its channel, and how to make it form a sand-bar by obstructing

its channel. He employed hundreds of men to cut down willows and weave them into thousands of big willow-mattresses. He sunk these willow-mats or mattresses in the river where he desired. Some times he built a new bank out of them and the river formed sand-bars around them and made these new banks solid. Again he sunk them near a bank to protect it from being carried away by the river. Always he made the river do the big work. Of course, Eads had plenty to do in harnessing the river, for it was worse than a balky horse, a million times stronger, and was never worn out. Finally, however, after working several years he accomplished his object. He also built jetties of concrete out into the Gulf of Mexico to protect his jetties of willow mat-work from the action of the ocean. This work is known over the world as the Mississippi jetties. It made Eads even more famous than he had been before.

Eads now wanted to deepen the channel of the Mississippi River from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf. The United States Government at first favored this but the work was finally abandoned. This was a great disappointment to Eads who desired to improve the entire Mississippi Valley. If he had been employed, there is little doubt but that he would have succeeded.

Eads was now in demand over the world. He was called from seaport to seaport to advise in regard to protecting and deepening harbors. He went to England, Mexico, Canada, Florida, California, and Texas. For his advice he was highly paid. His suggestions were followed and proved successful.

He traveled widely. He visited most of the countries of Europe and examined the river and harbor work of all the important cities. What he learned, he never forgot. All this he applied and improved upon. He was now recognized as the leading civil engineer in America.

In 1884 the famous "Albert Medal" of England was given him by the "Society for the Encouragement of Art, Manufacture and Commerce." He was the first American to obtain this medal. In 1877 he had received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Missouri. This shows he was appreciated both at home and abroad.

His health, which had always been poor, now began to fail him. This did not stop his work. He frequently worked all night on some problem. He now conceived the plan of building his third great work. This was a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec for carrying ships from one ocean to the other. He thought such a railroad could be built more quickly than a canal and could be kept in repairs cheaper. Today we have the Panama Canal, owned by the United States Government.

Eads worked hard to get his plan approved by the United States Government. The Mexican Government was in favor of it. Everything pointed to his beginning this work as soon as the United States Government endorsed it. A company of bankers was formed to furnish the money in 1887. Eads took sick, and in a few days died on March 8, 1887.

James B. Eads was one of the most remarkable men this state has produced. Without any schooling except three years in the elementary branches, with-

out a college education, Eads succeeded in making himself one of the leaders in a line of work that usually requires many years of training in a university. In this respect James B. Eads stands almost alone in American history. He was a self-educated man. Others have succeeded in other professions without a college education, but few in engineering.

James B. Eads was more than a great engineer, he was a genius as an inventor. During his short life, he invented over fifty important machines and devices. Some of these are still used today.

He was a master of details. Before trying to do anything he informed himself of all sides of a problem. He was a slow writer and his plans for bridges and harbor deepening were carefully put down. He went over his written plans many times and checked his figures to find errors. After he approved a plan, he had great faith in it. He was never discouraged, in the face of either problems or bad health.

In manner he was cordial and pleasant. He never showed haste. He was never self-conscious or egotistical. No matter how hard worked he was, Eads never passed a friend without stopping to shake hands. He sympathized with the failures and griefs of his friends and was generous to a fault. He was truly a great man as well as a great scientist and inventor. He did much for man. When he built the Eads Bridge he made travel easy, quick and cheap across a mighty river. When he erected his jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River he made a path for the ships of the world to bring their cargoes direct from the ocean to New Orleans and beyond, without unloading.

The man who cheapens travel and makes it safer; who cheapens freight and makes commerce safer; who makes water for a city cleaner and more wholesome; or who cheapens gas, electricity, heat, clothing and food—such a man is just as truly great as a statesman, orator, or soldier. James B. Eads was such a man.

JOSEPH B. McCULLAGH, 1842-1896.

By Walter B. Stevens

"THAT little Irish boy," he was to the Methodists of St. Louis who worshiped at Broadway and Pine streets about the middle of the fifties. He had come from Dublin to this country,—"before the mast." His school days had ended when he was eight years old, and his education had been continued as a cabin boy. At eleven he became an apprentice,—a "printers' devil",—on the *Freeman's Journal* in New York City. Five years later he came to St. Louis and set type for Rev. Dr. McAnally on the *Christian Advocate* which was published on Pine street, back of the church. It was unusual to see a printer boy of sixteen not only regular in attendance at the Sunday school but studious as well. When "that little Irish boy" began the study of shorthand in order to be able to "report sermons", the Methodists took notice. They said he "would make his mark." Professor William T. Harris, the public school teacher, afterwards of more than national fame as an educator, opened a school, as a side line, to give instruction in stenography. Many years later, when he was at the head of the Bureau of Education at Washington, he recalled "that little Irish boy" as the pupil who became more apt than the teacher at making intelligible "pigeon tracks."

The Methodist young men took the printer boy into their church literary society. The Rev. Mr. Babcock, who had charge of what is now the public library of

St. Louis, made the boy a member of his family and fed an omnivorous appetite for books. One day the foreman of the *Missouri Democrat* wanted a proofreader. Mr. Babcock told of the Irish boy. The foreman gave the boy a galley to try him out. "After looking over that proof," said the foreman, "I concluded he knew more about proofreading than I did."

The sole reporter on the *Democrat* went away on vacation. The boy proofreader was called down stairs to "sub" for the reporter. And thus Joseph B. McCullagh broke into daily journalism. His first day on the street he filled the column and a half which was the space alloted to local news. The next day he brought in two columns and the third day his copy was set in smaller type to get it into the paper.

There were stormy times at Jefferson City the winter of 1859-60. The Missouri Legislature was rent in factions on the issue of Secession. The young reporter was sent up to do the correspondence. He wrote so vividly of those turbulent scenes that he was in danger. The owners of the paper were advised to recall him, and it is another tradition that he did not take the train at the capital but walked to the next station east.

The presidential campaign of 1860 gave the opportunity for the acquired facility with shorthand. The young reporter made such good use of it that he attracted the attention of the political orators and was recommended to other papers. There came from Cincinnati the offer of something better than the thirteen dollars a week which the St. Louis position paid. Then came the Civil war. Over the pen name of "Mack," the letters from the front were copied far and wide.

"That little Irish boy" was in the thick of the fight at Fort Donelson. He floated past the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg. He risked his life again and again to get the war news.

The last half of the sixties was passed in Washington. Then interviewing was invented. A president in the White House spoke repeatedly to the country through the correspondence of "Mack". He said nobody read his messages to Congress, but everybody read the interviews.

In 1871, after a brief experience in Chicago, where the great fire destroyed the paper which his friends and he had started, Joseph B. McCullagh was back in St. Louis, on the paper where his journalistic career began. For twenty-five years, almost to the month, he gave his life to the creation of a great newspaper. "Creation" is the word, for the beginning was somewhat worse than nothing. After a brief struggle to determine the survival of the fittest, the *Globe* and the *Democrat* were consolidated with a debt of $200,000. Mr. McCullagh was given the editorial management on a contract, as he said, "to stay as long as the circulation keeps up."

From 1870 to 1880 was a decade of journalistic strenuosity. St. Louis had eight morning newspapers, four English, four German. Mr. McCullagh entered joyously upon his contract "to keep the circulation up." In three years the Globe-Democrat paid off the debt, a large one for that day, and accumulated a bank balance of $90,000, with which to enter upon a course of expenditure for news which broke all precedents. Not only did the circulation "keep up" but it increased to such a degree that the *Globe-Democrat*

became "the only paper in the city or country willing to keep its press room open to the world while the edition is being run off,—Daily or Weekly." Soon thereafter the *Globe-Democrat* began the publication of sworn statements of circulation with frequent banters to rival papers to show their figures.

"He gave his life to the creation of a newspaper." To Mr. McCullagh the *Globe-Democrat* became home, family, recreation, as well as work. A clocklike routine governed the physical, to the neglect of the laws of health. But the mind worked at high pressure long hours to make the newspaper great. In the lives of the eminently successful there is often warning as well as inspiration for the young. "That little Irish boy" achieved his ambition. He lived to see the *Globe-Democrat* a great newspaper but, with health shattered, the end came when he should have been in his prime.

The new journalism of the *Globe-Democrat* attracted country-wide comment. One high newspaper authority in the East said that "whatever may be thought of the *Globe-Democrat's* peculiar tactics, politically, or otherwise, there is no gainsaying the fact that it is a firstclass newspaper and popular with the masses." This verdict was accepted by Mr. McCullagh who replied: "A firstclass newspaper and popular with the masses" is the highest praise that can be given any journal, and as long as our contemporaries render this verdict in our favor they are welcome to their own estimate of all the rest. On these two hang all the law and the profits."

Mr. McCullagh had no creed, no church connection. But the *Globe-Democrat* never scoffed or made light of the fundamental truths of religion. When Inger-

soll came to St. Louis, his lectures were reported by the *Globe-Democrat* more fully than by any other paper. But the editorial page carried such antidotes as this:

"An ex-priest of the Catholic church, after having been mobbed a week ago, was allowed by the presence of several companies of militia, to lecture in Toledo yesturday on why he left the Catholic church. In St. Louis Bob Ingersoll was allowed to tell why he left the Presbyterian church, and not only was he not disturbed, but he got $1,600 for telling it. We like the St. Louis plan best, although in a country where salvation is free it seems a little high to charge a dollar for reserved seats for damnation."

Mr. McCullagh recognized "eternal verities" in his *Globe-Democrat* policies. He caused the readers to talk and laugh with his paragraphs. He introduced no end of novelties which make people take notice and marvel. But he could be serious and scathing. He did not fail to strike the major key when occasion demanded. He called the *Globe-Democrat* "The Great Religious Daily", which was truthful as well as striking. As a matter of fact no other daily newspaper gave so much space to religious news and discussion. "The Great Controversy" carried on for months in the columns of the *Globe-Democrat* is a chapter in the history of Missouri journalism which will live while the newspaper files endure.

The editorial paragraph was a feature which Mr. McCullagh cultivated with much care.

"How is it, Mr. McCullagh," one of the editorial writers asked, "that when I give you a long editorial you pass it along to the printers almost without read-

ing, while if it is something short, or a paragraph, you revise it with great care?"

"Because," the chief replied, "people read the short editorials, and they don't care a whoop for the long ones."

Mr. McCullagh made no secret of his newspaper ideals. He repeatedly defined his ideas of what constituted a great newspaper, illustrating them after this manner.

"A Cincinnati paper of last Thursday devoted two of its broad pages to the New Orleans prize fight of the day before and two more to a religious revival in that city, thinking it thereby gratified all classes of readers. But it did nothing of the kind. All classes of readers are not embraced in two classes—those who love prize fights and those who want the details of revival meetings. Between these two extremes there are a dozen different classes who care nothing for prize fights and who are indifferent to revival meetings, and the newspaper that neglects the tastes and wishes of the people comprising these classes is false to its mission or printing current history. The *Globe-Democrat* reports prize fights and reports them quite fully, but it does not fill its pages with them to the exclusion of other matters which interest the public quite as much, if not more. The best newspapers of the present day are the many sided newspapers in which current history is collected, condensed and presented so as to exclude nothing of real interest, and not allow any special class interest to monopolize its contents. A good newspaper is like the bill of fare at a metropolitan hotel,—nobody is expected to call for or consume everything it contains,

and yet it should contain something suitable to every taste. It is because the *Globe-Democrat* is conducted on this idea that it flourishes like a green bay tree, and that every year of its history finds it more prosperous than the year before."

The decade 1880-1890 brought an evolution in Mr. McCullagh's newspaper policies. Previous to that he had aimed to make the *Globe-Democrat* talked about and to win circulation. He had carried on a score of crusades. He had warred on the Missouri State Lottery, the gamblers, the New Years' custom of a grand drunk, and so on. He had originated "the Grant Boom" and had carried it so nearly to success that newspapers all over the country were amazed. The *Globe-Democrat* was showing annual dividends without precedent in western journalism. Now came a new era in the upbuilding of a great newspaper according to Mr McCullagh's ideals. The local personal journalism was abandoned except at rare intervals. The editor was building for permanence. The *Globe-Democrat* became more metropolitan. New features, the influence of which would be felt beyond the borders of the city, and in the years to come, were planned with care. More frequently Mr. McCullagh gave out through the columns of the paper his theories of newspaper character and lasting success. Many times and in varying forms he declared that the best newspaper was that which most accurately, most comprehensively, most attractively recorded current history. "Current history!" That became a favorite expression with him.

A general welfare clause found an important place in the *Globe-Democrat's* policy. Mr. McCullagh car-

ried this above partisan consideration in politics, beyond personal prejudices and above bigotry in creed. When the panic of 1893 came, with a Democratic President, Mr. McCullagh announced:

"The *Globe-Democrat* declines to join the ignoble army of partisan pirates who are trying to make political capital for the Republican party out of the present financial stringency because it occurs under a Democratic administration. We yield to none in our dislike of Democracy and Democratic Presidents, but just at present, if we had to choose between two successive Democratic presidents and one financial panic we would take the Democratic Presidents. We can all recover, in time and by fumigation, from a Democratic President, but a financial crash would leave behind it much distress from which there would be no recovery. Let us all stand together as good citizens, and by hoping for the best do much to bring the best about.

The Rev. Dr. William G. Eliot, founder and head of Washington University, probably espoused more movements for the moral and intellectual uplift of of St. Louis and Missouri than any other man in his two generations. He said:

"Whenever the pinch comes, McCullagh is always found on the right side."

WILLIAM R. NELSON, 1841-1915

A Story of a Man, a Newspaper and a City.

THERE once lived a man in Kansas City, Mo., who labored for thirty-five years for the good of the people. He was not an orator, a politician, a preacher, or an author; he never made an address in public; was seldom seen in public, and attended a theater only once; still he sent two daily messages to two hundred thousand families and weekly messages to three hundred and fifty thousand homes. His life influenced the building of a city and the making of laws for three states. He stood for industry, honesty and progress. He believed in the people and labored for their welfare. He was one of the great men of this state. His name was William R. Nelson, editor of *The Kansas City Star.*

William Rockhill Nelson was born in Indiana on March 7, 1841. His ancestors for three generations had helped to lay the foundations of his nation. His grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and afterwards served as one of the first Congressmen from Indiana. He was a large farmer. Mr. Nelson often remarked that his grandfather was the first man in the world to plant a thousand acres of corn. His mother was of Quaker descent.

Between the young lad and his father existed great confidence. When his pranks brought him into trouble, he always went first to his father who helped him through his difficulties. His father never believed

in giving his son money unless he worked for it. He once asked for money to pay his way to a circus.

"You should earn the money," his father said. "No person should have money that he has not earned."

Then with a twinkle in his eye, he added:

"Your mother wants that wood carried in. Do that and I will pay you fifty cents."

This he did and afterwards said that he enjoyed that circus all the more because he "worked his way in."

As a boy he attended college but failed to realize his opportunities and left school early. He decided to become a lawyer and before he was twenty-one had been admitted to the bar. But not law alone appealed to him. He with a partner made a venture in raising cotton in Georgia. This proved a failure and he was ruined financially. Altho a young man with no brilliant prospects, Mr. Nelson was not worried. He later spoke of the affair in these words:

"Lack of self-confidence was never one of my failings. I don't suppose I ever lost a minute's sleep over the affair. I knew I was going to win in the end."

Leaving his cotton business, he returned to Indiana and built roads, bridges and buildings. He became a successful contractor. But only when he bought an interest in a Fort Wayne newspaper, did he realize he had found his calling. He was convinced, however, that he needed a wider field than in this small Indiana town. He began looking for a new location. After visiting cities in the East and as far west as San Francisco, he decided to go to Kansas City.

This was in 1880 when Kansas City had only sixty thousand inhabitants. "It was a town of no pavement and only a few plank sidewalks. A few street cars bobbed along behind tired mules. Everything was yet to be done to make the town into a great and beautiful city." But to him, Kansas City was the best place in the world. He once said:

"I never come back to Kansas City that I do not find the sun shining as it never shines in the places where I have been."

He considered nothing too good for Kansas City. Thus believing he had found his life's work, to be done in a place he loved, he began the dedication of his life, when he, with his partner, Samuel E. Morss, founded *The Star.*

The first issue, called *The Kansas City Evening Star,* appeared September 18, 1880. It was a paper of four small pages of six columns each. The paper was welcomed by Kansas City people, who kindly called it the "Twilight Twinkler." The price was two cents while other newspapers sold for five cents. At that time the nickle was the smallest coin in general circulation in Kansas City and the newsboys had difficulty in making change. To relieve their trouble Mr. Nelson brought from the United States mint, a keg full of pennies. When in 1901 the paper grew to be two issues a day besides a Sunday edition, the price still remained ten cents a week, no more than when it was the small four page paper. In this way the editor felt that he was giving his readers something better than the comic sheet, which was appearing in many city papers. Mr. Nelson regarded the comic section as vulgar and inartistic. For many

years he did not use illustrations because he thought newspapers could not do them well. Instead he used line drawings. He used no big headlines and no exaggerations.

He wanted his paper to be always entertaining and always looked forward to with pleasure. He seldom wrote anything for the paper with his own hand but rarely a day passed that he did not outline something to be written. He asked to be referred to as "editor" and not as "editor and owner." As he became older he was convinced that the liquor business was one of the country's great evils. For this reason he refused to take liquor advertisements. This cut off a large source of income, but his only comment was: "I guess we are making money fast enough without them."

Mr. Nelson established *The Weekly Kansas City Star* in 1890. It was an eight page paper for farmers. It was sold for only twenty-five cents a year. In twenty-five years its circulation reached three hundred and fifty thousand. It went to every state in the Union and to many foreign countries.

As an editor, William R. Nelson occupies a unique position in journalism. He was not a writer. Even his own paper contained few sentences written by him. Still *The Star* was regarded by others as one of the six best newspapers in the United States! It expressed the ideals and thoughts of its editor. In fact *The Star* was William R. Nelson. He once said: "*The Star* is my life." The paper and the man cannot be separated. They were one.

The Star marks three important things in American journalism. It was first to furnish seven papers

a week for ten cents. It was first to furnish thirteen papers a week for ten cents. It was first to issue a complete farmers' weekly for twenty-five cents a year.

"*The Star,*" said Mr. Nelson, "must be a gentleman. What the other fellow does doesn't interest me. We are running *The Star* for our readers, not for other newspapers." To make *The Star* a better paper was its editor's purpose. He used larger type so it could be more easily read. He copied from books and magazines, articles of interest and value. Art, science, literature, politics, news, religion, law, and scores of other fields of knowledge were set forth in the columns of *The Star.* It was an educator as well as a newspaper.

As an editor, William R. Nelson regarded "the reporter with the nose for news" as the most valuable man on the paper. He thought that a good reporter with industry was a paper's great blessing. He always emphasized industry and once said: "Often a good pair of legs makes a good reporter." He had great faith in a reporter's honesty. He said that he had often placed confidence in new reporters and had seldom been deceived. He was a reporter's friend and stood by him thru trouble. All he demanded was honesty and industry, he was big enough to overlook mistakes.

His paper became the guide of thousands in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and the great Southwest. By its honesty and aggressiveness, its fearlessness in attacking evil and promoting progress, it made enemies, but its editor never worried over them.

This story is told in the life of "William Rockhill Nelson" written by the members of the staff of the *Kansas City Star.*

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One day while motoring in Colorado, Mr. Nelson stopped at an out-of-the-way inn. After lunch, an old man arose and put out his hand:—

"My name is (so and so) from Chandler, Oklahoma."

"Glad to meet you, sir; my name is Nelson of Kansas City."

"Not Mr. Nelson of *The Star?*" exclaimed the man in astonishment.

"Yes, I am Mr. Nelson."

"Well, sir," said the man as he shook his hand again, "I am proud to meet you, Mr. Nelson. I have taken your paper for twenty-five years. I've read everything you ever wrote and I never knew you to be wrong yet. Your paper is the best paper in the world and I've always wanted to meet you."

At that the others on the veranda got up and came forward. A woman shook his hand and said:—

"I am from Beloit, Kansas, and we take *The Star,* and it is our favorite paper."

Then, in turn, a man from Springfield, Missouri, a woman from Tulsa, Oklahoma, a man from Garden City, Kansas, and a man and his wife from some place in Nebraska, each shook hands, and each assured him that they were *Star* subscribers, liked it better than any other paper, and believed in his politics.

Each person in that group, from widely separated places, was a reader of *The Star.*

"Well," said Mr. Nelson, beaming with delight, "we are not strangers after all, but friends."

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As an editor, Mr. Nelson made *The Star* a model of city journalism. Its reading matter was always refined and instructive. It never degenerated to printing family scandals. It stood for the things that are best and highest in civilization. It labored for the good of mankind. It fought for the right and the truth regardless of results. It never acknowledged defeat.

"Nothing much is gained by a single battle," said its veteran editor. "*The Star* never loses."

As a citizen, William R. Nelson used his paper to represent him in his many battles against evil. He hated whiskey and fought the liquor business. He told why *The Star* so strongly opposed the saloon.

"If they will bring one man, just one, that whiskey has ever benefited, I will give up my fight against it; and they can have the whole country to search in for that one man," he said. "Some of the dearest friends I ever had were ruined and done to death by whiskey."

As a citizen, he pulled Kansas City out of the mud. He printed hundreds of articles on paving. The people were finally convinced and the streets were paved. He worked equally hard for sewers, good lights, fire protection, bridges and substantial public buildings. Finally was built Kansas City's beautiful union station costing six million dollars, for which he had labored for years.

In 1881, Mr. Nelson began his battle for public parks in Kansas City. For fifteen years thru *The Star* the people of Kansas City had parks and

boulevards for supper every night. Then came the first park, then a second, and today Kansas City boasts of having the finest system of parks and boulevards in the nation. All this was a hard struggle, for parks cost money. But *The Star* was victor. Mr. Nelson studied trees, grasses and sods, and thru his paper told the people which trees were best fitted for Kansas City's soil and climate. He had rows of elms planted along some of the streets. He imported squirrels from other states. He did everything to obtain the most accurate information and then gave it to the people.

He also advocated and obtained public bath houses, a convention hall, and city owned water-works. Whenever he found that he was wrong, Mr. Nelson was not afraid to change his opinion.

"*The Star,*" he said, "is the only paper in the world, I suppose, without a 'fixed policy.' "

He advocated flood protection, lessening of the smoke and noise nuisances, preservation of natural scenery, advancement of the schools, protection of birds, and the cultivation of back gardens. Anything that concerned the people, concerned him as a public citizen. "When a farmer's wife in Western Kansas was awarded first prize in a butter-making contest, he sent a reporter there to get her story of how she did it." Then he told the story to the people.

As a citizen, he not only attacked the saloon but fought all forms of gambling and wickedness. He did much to run the lottery swindles, the quacks, and the loan sharks from Kansas City.

He stood for good government when it was dangerous to attack the organized forces of corrupt govern-

ment. Thieving politicians he detested and hated. He knew their power, their influence, and their criminal methods, but he never ceased battling with them. He worked for the people and relied on the people.

"You can always trust the people to do what is best when they know what is best," he said.

He thought it was his business as a citizen to tell the people thru *The Star* what he regarded as the best in government. He sent his men to other cities and to other states to study government and he printed their reports in his paper. He thereby kept his readers informed on this subject not only as it might be written in books but as it was in practice. Above all in government, he placed free elections and free justice. He thought no man should be made to pay part of the cost of running for office. The public should pay this. He also thought that the state should pay the lawyers in lawsuits. Neither of these reforms he advocated has been adopted.

As a man, William R. Nelson was remarkable for his love of his fellow men. All of his many gifts to those in need will never be known. He aided not only his friends but hundreds who never knew him except by name. He was as kind to his servant, Ben, as to his own relatives. When he died the servant said: "I feel that I am an entirely different man from knowing Mr. Nelson."

Many of his old employees on *The Star* he pensioned, and after their death he continued to help their families when in need. This story is told by one who knew its truth.

One of the reporters who had been with *The Star* a long time died suddenly of heart disease. After the funeral Mr. Nelson said to one of his men: "You go out and see his widow and find out how they are situated."

The man came back and said that they owed on a house they were paying for, and that the three children were not yet thru school, but would be in a year or two. Mr. Nelson ordered that the name of that reporter be kept upon the pay-roll for two years, which would give time for the house to be paid for and the children to finish school. One of the children came every pay-day and took home her father's salary. This was done so quietly that the printing of it was news to even the majority of reporters on *The Star.*

He gave much, but he never mentioned it. Here is an example: Some fifteen or twenty years ago Mr. Nelson discovered one of his old school-teachers living in poverty in Kansas City and too aged to do anything. Mr. Nelson supported the family until the old teacher died, and then he paid the funeral expenses. He kept on supporting the son and daughter until the son died, and he paid for his funeral. The daughter is still being supported, and will continue to be, because Mr. Nelson laid the solemn injunction upon his secretary: "No matter what happens, you always see that she is cared for."

As a friend of man, Mr. Nelson aided every movement to help the poor. He started "The Santa Claus Fund" in 1886, and later the "Good Fellow" movement. Both of these were formed to persuade men and women of means to contribute something in food,

clothing or presents to the poor women and children of Kansas City at Christmas time. A big Christmas tree was placed in Convention Hall and the poor of Kansas City were invited to attend the distribution of baskets filled with food and presents to make happier their lives.

After an illness of several months this great man died at his home on April 13, 1916. Two states, Kansas and Missouri, mourned his death. For five minutes every wheel in Kansas City stopped running by order of the officials. His funeral was one of the largest held in Kansas City. Public buildings were draped and all flags were at half-mast. But it was when his will was printed that Kansas Citians learned how much he loved them. He left the income from his wealth to his wife and daughter during their lives. After their deaths, his estate was given to the public of Kansas City for collecting paintings, engravings, sculptures, tapestries and rare books. He had labored during his life for the education of the people, he determined that this education should continue after his death.

WALTER WILLIAMS, 1864–

First President of the Press Congress of the World

MOST persons regard the editor of a city newspaper as a greater journalist than the country editor. The city paper is larger, has more news, and is sold to tens of thousands, while the country press reaches only a few hundred subscribers. When Missouri newspapers of importance are mentioned they are usually such big city dailies as the *Kansas City Star and Times,* the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* or the *Republic* and the *Globe-Democrat.* The small country weekly is seldom thought of as a rival of these metropolitan newspapers. Still many of Missouri's greatest editors were country editors. Representative of these is one who is the most widely known Missouri editor in the state. At the early age of twenty-three years he was president of the Missouri Press Association; eight years later, he was president of the National Editorial Association; and in 1915, was elected the first president of the Press Congress of the World. He is a native of Missouri, was born and reared in a Missouri country town, and has always edited a Missouri country newspaper. His writings have been widely read, his speeches rank high, and his friends are many. His name is Walter Williams, Missouri's country editor.

Walter Williams was born at Boonville, on July 2, 1864. He received a high school education and learned the printer's trade. At the age of twenty years he was editor of the *Boonville Advertiser,*

which he edited for five years. From 1890 to 1908, he was editor of the *Columbia Missouri Herald.* During part of this time he was also editor of *The Country Editor,* the *St. Louis Presbyterian* and the *Daily State Tribune,* at Jefferson City.

Since July 1, 1908, he has been dean of the School of Journalism, and professor of the history of journalism, at the University of Missouri. This was the first school of its kind in the United States. It is also the largest. Its graduates have edited papers over the nation, in China, Japan, Australia, the Hawaiian Islands and Canada.

In cooperation with the Misouri Press Association, Walter Williams also founded "Journalism Week" at the University of Missouri. During "Journalism Week" hundreds of Missouri editors gather in Columbia and for five days discuss the problems of running a newspaper. How to get news, the cost of ink and paper, and the best printing machines are some of these problems. Editors and speakers of note from other states deliver addresses. The week closes with a banquet. The last three banquets were, a "Made-in-Missouri Banquet," a "Made-in-America Banquet," and a "Made-in-Japan Banquet." These unique banquets are widely known and have attracted much interest. For example, at the "Made-in-Japan Banquet" all the food and decorations came from Japan.

As an editor, Walter Williams is the most widely known Missourian of his day. He has visited more foreign newspaper offices than any other American. Not only in England, France, Germany and Italy has

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he traveled, but he has been in Russia, Turkey, Egypt, India, Australia, China and Japan, to learn how other people edit newspapers. He was commissioner at the St. Louis Louisiana Purchase Exposition to the foreign editors. In 1902 he was president of the North American Press at the International Press Congress, held in Switzerland. He was organizer and secretary of the World's Press Parliament at St. Louis and was director of the International Press Congress at San Francisco. These positions of honor have come to this Missouri country editor because of the important place he holds in the field of journalism. The beginning of his fame as a journalist was when he became editor of *The Columbia Missouri Herald.*

During the eighteen years Walter Williams was editor of this paper, he established a reputation. When he took charge of this newspaper in 1890, Columbia was a little country town of four thousand inhabitants. The young editor was only twenty-six years old. He was a stranger to his own subscribers, having lived previously in Boonville. He had neither wealth nor influence. Scores of Missouri editors had had more experience, had more friends, had more subscribers, and were located in towns as good as Columbia. In less than ten years, however, *The Columbia Missouri Herald* was the best country newspaper in Missouri. It was issued weekly. Some copies contained from fifty to seventy pages! In less than a decade the number of subscribers had increased from two thousand to five thousand and everyone paid in advance for his paper.

The Columbia Missouri Herald became not only the most widely read country newspaper in Columbia and Boone county, but the most quoted one in the State of Missouri. Containing interesting articles on Missouri history and biography, literature and art, science and invention, public affairs and current opinion, it represented a high type of journalism. It was a magazine and a newspaper combined. Even today the old issues of this publication are interesting reading. Little wonder is it that the editor became famous.

It was but a step from managing *The Columbia Missouri Herald* to directing the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri. The editor now became the educator. As an educator, Walter Williams became even better known than he had been as an editor. The Missouri School of Journalism was founded to train men and women for journalism so that they might be better able to serve their state and country. During the ten years of its existence, one thousand two hundred students have received instruction, and one hundred and eighty have graduated. Of the graduates ninety per cent are today actively engaged in journalism.

As an educator, the methods of instruction adopted by Walter Williams have been the model for other schools of journalism that have been founded since 1908. The Missouri School of Journalism is known over the world. Its graduates and former students are highly regarded. Its success as an institution of learning is greater than any other of its kind in the world.

As an orator, Walter Williams is also widely known. Most orators are either preachers, lawyers, or statesmen. Walter Williams is a plain country editor, still he has delivered more public addresses on invitation than any other man in the state considering his years. His speeches have imparted advice to graduating classes in country schools and universities. His addresses have entertained and instructed literary and commercial clubs. He has spoken at good road meetings and public celebrations. He has addressed press associations and church conventions. He has been the orator of the day at the dedication of buildings and the marking of historic spots. But he is at his best as an after-dinner speaker. He is one of the most entertaining and delightful toastmasters in Missouri. His stories and jokes are original and his manner of speaking is usually hesitating. His charm lies in the beauty of his language, his modest courteous manner, his natural way of speaking and his ideals of thought. He is always a gentleman.

It may have been the educator and the orator who made his Sunday-school class the largest in the world, but it was probably Walter Williams, the man, who drew men and women by the hundreds to listen to his Sabbath morning talks. In the midst of his many duties, of his family cares when his wife lay sick for weeks, he still preserved the calm manner and courtesy of the Christian gentleman. He will live in history as the country editor and the educator, he will be remembered as an author and orator, but he will be loved as a citizen, neighbor and gentleman.

CLARA C. HOFFMAN, 1831-1908

Missouri's Great Heart

LESS than forty years ago any woman who attempted to take an active part in public affairs was frowned upon by the people and was generally regarded with suspicion and disfavor. This seems almost unbelieveable today when it is common to hear women speakers; to read of women voting in some states; to learn of women on school boards; and to see women everywhere organized in clubs and lodges trying to help the poor, clean the backyards and the alleys, or drive out the saloons. There is even a woman "Congressman" in Washington, D. C., representing the third largest state in the union, Montana.

Forty years ago, however, all this was different. Woman was the mother of the home and the leader in society, but outside of these she was permitted to do little except teach school, attend church and furnish the good old church dinners, and occasionally run a store, postoffice or tavern. If she had even dared to ask to serve on school boards, people would have laughed at her. If on election day, she had gone on the streets and asked men to vote against the saloon, they would probably have thought she should be home "tending to her business." And if she had made a speech in public asking that women be permitted to vote, many would have said that she was insane.

All this has changed or is rapidly changing today. Now we see not one but a thousand women on the streets on election day when people are voting on having saloons or closing them. At other times they go from house to house, and from store to store, raising money to build a public library building, or to buy food and clothing for the poor, or to help the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. Although they do not have the vote in Missouri, they are very powerful in public life. They are still the mothers of the homes, they still teach more children than all the men in the nation, they still form two-thirds of a church congregation on a Sunday morning, they still cook the church dinners and serve the sandwiches and ice-cream, but they are now doing a hundred other things to help both man and woman.

This change in woman's work was gradual. It took years. Even today it is not ended. Some say that it will never end, others say that it will when woman is regarded as the equal of man, has the same privileges, is given the same opportunities. One of the first and greatest leaders in Missouri who had the courage to begin this fight for woman was Clara C. Hoffman—Missouri's "Great Heart."

The life of Mrs. Clara Cleghorn Hoffman covers seventy-seven years. In dates it is brief, in work it is without end. A single paragraph could easily give every important date in her life. This is also true of nearly every woman. She is born; is educated; marries, is the mother of so many children, (sometimes she teaches school); if fortunate, takes a trip; and dies. A great poet once said that the

annals or history of the poor is brief. This is also true of the life of a woman, or rather it was true until the last few years.

Clara Cleghorn was born in New York, January 19, 1831, of Scotch parents. She was the twelfth child in a family of thirteen. Educated in New York and Massachusetts, she went west to Keokuk, Iowa to live with one of her brothers. She then taught school in Illinois and in 1862 married Dr. Goswin Hoffman, a German physican and a university graduate. They moved to Warrensburg, Missouri, in 1869 and two years later to Kansas City. Doctor Hoffman died in 1893 and the elder of their two sons died in 1896. For ten years Mrs. Hoffman was principal of the Lathrop School in Kansas City, resigning in 1882 to serve as the first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Missouri. She filled this position for twenty-five years, and for twelve years was recording secretary of the national W. C. T. U. In 1895 she was elected a delegate to the world's temperance convention in London, England. After the convention, Mrs. Hoffman traveled and lectured for eight months in England, Germany,

CLARA C. HOFFMAN

France and Switzerland. Her health failing, she suffered an attack of pneumonia in 1908, and after an illness of four weeks, died on February 13, 1908.

By her long service of a quarter of a century as president of the Missouri Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Hoffman was recognized over the nation as one of the leaders of that body. Organized to oppose the manufacture and sale of all liquor—beer, wine, and whiskey—the W. C. T. U. has been one of the most powerful forces in the nation in the cause of prohibition. To drive out the saloon and to stop the sale of liquor, has been its battle cry. It covers the nation, having a central or national organization and also an organization in each state. In Missouri work was completed for organizing a Missouri W. C. T. U. in 1882.

In May of that year the W. C. T. U. members living in the state, met at Hannibal and formally organized. At this meeting Mrs. Hoffman first met the national president of the W. C. T. U., Miss Frances E. Willard. They formed a friendship that grew in love and helpfulness as the years passed. Miss Willard was a remarkable woman. She did more for the temperance or anti-saloon movement in the West than any other person. She is the only woman in the nation whose statue is in Statuary Hall in Washington—being one of the representatives selected by the State of Illinois.

At the meeting of the National W. C. T. U. in Louisville, Kentucky, in the fall of 1882, Mrs. Hoffman was elected president of the Missouri W. C. T. U. by the six Missouri women present. Her election

was confirmed by the national body. Mrs. Hoffman was not present at the Louisville meeting. She resigned her school position to take up the great work before her in the cause of prohibition.

The first annual meeting of the Missouri W. C. T. U. was held in September, 1883. Work was begun at once to free Missouri from the saloon. This work is not yet finished, but the Missouri W. C. T. U. was instrumental in making most of Missouri's counties dry by vote of the people.

At first little encouragement was given Mrs. Hoffman and her "White Ribbon" workers—as they were called from the white ribbon badges they still wear. Many churches even refused to permit them to deliver speeches in their cause. People were then indifferent to the saloon question. Altho some persons looked upon the saloon as an evil, it was not regarded as a menace. They thought that since America *had* always had saloons, America *would* always have them. Besides nearly all the men and women of that day did not think it was proper for women to take up this kind of work.

People made fun of the little band of women who said that some day they would close up the saloons of Missouri. In those days saloons were everywhere. Young boys and old men were frequently seen drunk on the public streets of Missouri's towns and cities. Thousands of men spent their weekly wages for beer and whiskey and then went home to their wives and children without money to buy bread, meat and clothing. The saloon not only made physical wrecks of many men thru its intoxicating liquors, but it ruined homes, made paupers of women

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and children, and even corrupted the government. Today it seems strange that such a business as a saloon was permitted to do this in nearly every town in the nation for years and years. What is even stranger, however, is that the people in general opposed anyone, man or woman, who tried to drive out of existence such an evil.

In spite of little help, Mrs. Hoffman and her "White Ribbon" workers toiled year after year. First a town, then a county voted dry. Other counties joined the movement. Finally it spread over the State of Missouri.

Much of the credit for this work is due to Mrs. Hoffman. She led the hundreds of determined Missouri women who fought against the saloon. Without their help nothing could have been done; without her leadership success would have been delayed.

Miss Frances E. Willard said this of Mrs Hoffman:

"Mrs Hoffman is the Thomas H. Benton of the prohibition movement. She is every whit as able as was the great senator from Missouri and brings to her plea for protection of the Christian fireside a logic as powerful, a pathos far more tender, and a personality vastly more homelike."

Miss Willard loved this Missouri woman with deep affection. She gave her a name that will always be remembered by the temperance women of this state. This name, somehow, seems to tell the very life work and soul of Clara C. Hoffman. She was called the "Great Heart."

In the reading room of The State Historical Society of Missouri, at Columbia, is a beautiful,

marble bust statue of Mrs. Hoffman. It was made by the noted St. Louis sculptor, Prof. George J. Zolnay. Professor Zolnay said that in all his career he had never done a piece of work that had meant so much to him, that had been so much of an inspiration, as the study of the life and soul of this great woman. Below the statue are these words:

"Missouri's Great Heart"
Clara C. Hoffman
President Missouri
Woman's Christian Temperance Union For
Twenty-five Years

Mrs. Hoffman is said to have been a fine speaker. Her voice was rich and melodious. She had a remarkable mind and a deep sense of justice. She was brave, resourceful and persistent as all great leaders are. She made friends by the thousands. Her influence reached far beyond the boundaries of Missouri. Her life was bound up in her work. To a friend she once wrote these words:

"When I am lying cold in my coffin, written above my heart in letters of living fire will be the words, 'Missouri Woman's Christian Temperance Union.'"

She believed that the temperance and prohibition movement should have the support of all Christians. She thought of evil as something that Christianity should fight against. The saloon she regarded as a great evil.

Clara C. Hoffman not only wanted to free man from the saloon but also hoped to free woman from her limited field of mental and physical activity. She wanted woman to read widely on public questions, to inform herself on what the government is

doing as well as on the latest style in dresses. She hoped that some day woman would be permitted to vote. When that day came, she said the saloon would go.

Such a person, be it man or woman, naturally makes enemies. Mrs. Hoffman was no exception. Although she had friends by the thousands, she also made enemies. Many of the latter, however, have joined in praises of her work since her death. She did not work for herself but for others. The saloon was no menace to her, except as is might have taken her husband and her two boys from her some day. To her, the saloon was a menace ever present to all men, women and children. She wanted to destroy that menace.

The sayings of Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman have been collected by Mrs. Nelle G. Burger, from which these have been selected:

What Clara C. Hoffman Said

Reformers have never waited for public sentiment.

The W. C. T. U. was not formed for a mutual admiration society, nor yet for mutual benefit, but for the destruction of the liquor business.

Whoever touches politics touches men, women and children; touches our purses, our morals and our homes.

Woman may forget herself, but can she forget her children or be indifferent to what affects them?

Will the liquor traffic pay for the homes it has ruined, the lives it has cursed, the industry it has crippled, the men it has destroyed?

There is no community so dense and dark where the combined church could not drive out the saloon.

Whatever touches men, women and children—whatever touches their morals and their welfare,—is the vital concern of the church.

Oh, men of Missouri! for very shame sake vote to protect the home, or give woman the vote that she may protect it herself.

Every state shows more crime and misery caused by the use of liquor obtained at the saloons than by any other agent.

Two-thirds of our church members are women—while they form less than one-fifth of our criminals.

All reforms must come thru agitation and education.

We have no ballot? True, alas, too true! But we have or should have intelligent opinions on all public questions—We have arguments—We have convictions . . . we have voices . . . for the asking, we may have more and more.

If we love God, then must we love humanity.

* * * *

No one can ever write the history of Missouri and leave out of that writing the patient, tender, sacrificing, enduring love and labor of Missouri's White Ribbon Army.

ALEXANDER W. DONIPHAN, 1808-1887

Soldier, Lawyer and Orator

A PEOPLE wonderful in deeds are the citizens of Missouri. Native born, nine out of ten, they are true types of the patriotic American. Missouri's first American settlers came largely from Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the two Carolinas. These pioneers were of hardy stock. They had fought Indians and had endured the hardships of the frontier. They were born soldiers, large of frame, keen of eye and not afraid of death. They found Missouri a wilderness, where roamed the savage Indian, except for a few settlements along the Mississippi River Their first task was to blaze trails thru the country, build forts and establish frontier settlements. This was hard work and took years to do. Battles with the Indians were many. Subduing the wilderness with its dense forest and brush, its wild animals, and frequently its unhealthy climate, required courage and toil. It was these hardships, however, that trained the pioneer Missourian to overcome all obstacles, to fear neither man nor beast, and to willingly give his life for what he thought was right. It produced a race of such dauntless men as Gen. Henry Dodge, who defeated the great Indian chief, Black Hawk; Kit Carson, the great guide of the West; General Richard Gentry, who with his band of Missouri soldiers, waged war in Florida against the Seminole Indian chief, Osceola; and scores of other early heroes. Among the greatest and most

renowned of these was one who came to Missouri a young man, lived and married here, and whose remains today rest in Missouri soil—Col. Alexander W. Doniphan, soldier, lawyer, statesman, orator and gentleman.

Born in Kentucky on July 9, 1808, Doniphan was the youngest of twelve children. His father died when young Doniphan was only six years old. His mother, who was a remarkable woman, gave him a fine education. He had the best of teachers and later graduated with honest honors from college.

His ambition was to be a lawyer and he studied under several of the best lawyers in Kentucky. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar and began to practice law.

This following year he came and settled in Lexington, Missouri. Altho only twenty-two years old, he was soon looked upon as a good lawyer. He had neither friends nor funds at first, and had to compete against some of the best lawyers in the state. Instead of being discouraged, he worked harder. It was not long until he had built up a large practice.

He moved to Liberty in 1833 and lived there thirty years. He was elected a member of the Missouri Legislature three times, altho he belonged to the minority party in Missouri—the Whigs. These elections were due to his great popularity.

He married a Clay county girl, and to them were born two sons. One of Colonel Doniphan's greatest disappointments in life was the early death of these two boys. One died of accidental poisoning, the other of drowning.

Colonel Doniphan was made a brigadier-general in the Missouri militia and commanded a brigade at the time of the Mormon troubles in this state. In 1846-7 he led an expedition of one thousand Missourians during the Mexican war and returned with highest honors.

He held other public offices, with credit to himself and his country. During the Civil War, he took the side of the Union. He made his home in St. Louis for a few years, and in 1868 moved to Richmond, Missouri. His wife died in 1873. Her loss greatly depressed him with grief. For twenty-eight years he was a member of the Christian church. On August 8, 1887, when in his eightieth year, he died at his home in Richmond. He sleeps today by his wife's side in a grave in Liberty. A fine statue of him was erected in Richmond by the State of Missouri.

The story of the life of Col. Alexander W. Doniphan is classic in Missouri history. The influence of his life was felt all over the state. His life story reveals a great man, equipped mentally and morally to conquer, but not ambitious to hold public office. His greatness is also shown in the many different lines of work that he did well.

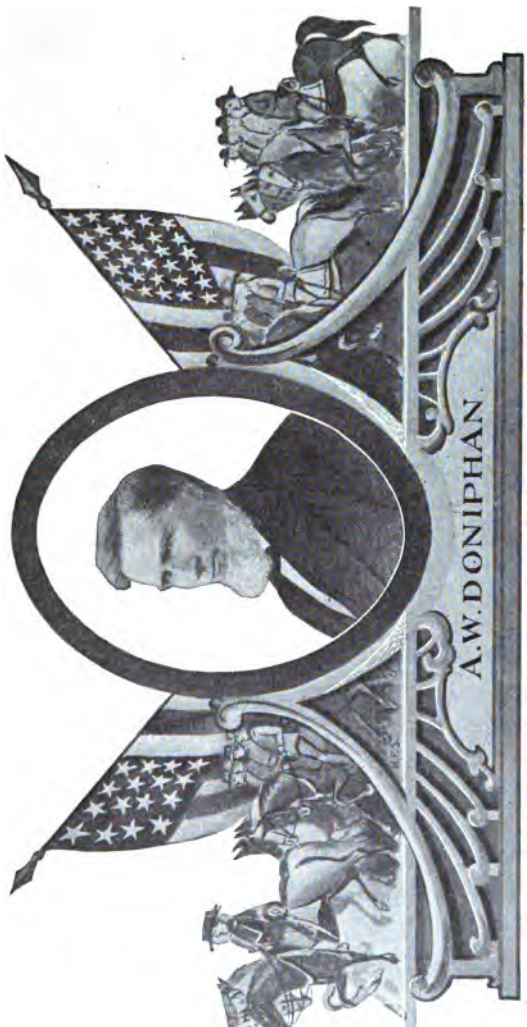
As a lawyer, he stood in the front rank of his profession.

As a statesman, he had the confidence of his people.

As an orator, he was the equal of Missouri's most eloquent speakers.

As a soldier, he won fame that will last forever.

And as a citizen and gentleman, he was honest, courteous and public spirited.


A.W.DONIPHAN

In all these, he won distinction and served well his State.

As a lawyer, Colonel Doniphan was very successful. This was due to his fine education and his training in law. He knew literature and history—both American and English—as well as a professor. It is said that before he was twenty-five years old he was known as a great lawyer over all Western Missouri.

Colonel Doniphan was a criminal lawyer, i. e., he took lawsuits regarding robbery, murder and theft. He never prosecuted, but always defended the person on trial. He made the closing speech for his client and it was then that he frequently moved men and women, juries and judges, to tears. He could explain a law so simply that even a school-boy or girl could understand it. He reasoned everything out accurately. His speeches were never prepared beforehand but delivered extemporaneously. These speeches won the praise of even his opponents. His language was beautiful and his gestures graceful. He also had a magnetic presence that drew people to him. He never talked long sometimes his speech before a jury was only fifteen minutes in length.

One of his most famous cases was the Turnham case. In this case he defended the son of Major Turnham who was accused of crime. After Colonel Doniphan had finished, Major Turnham was asked what he thought of it. He answered:

"Sir, Aleck Doniphan spoke only forty minutes, but he said everything."

It is one of the regrettable things that few of Colonel Doniphan's speeches have been preserved.

As a statesman, Doniphan achieved distinction. He was not ambitious to hold public office, but his sense of duty forced him to accept several. He did this at a loss in money, for he had to give up his profitable law practice. He was able and honest as a statesman and was highly regarded by all.

He went to Washington, D. C., in 1861 to attend a celebrated conference of men from other states. Here he met President Lincoln. On being introduced, President Lincoln said:

"And this is the Colonel Doniphan who made the wild march against the Comanches (Indians) and Mexicans! You are the only man I ever met who in appearance, come up to my expectations."

As an orator, Colonel Doniphan was one of the most eloquent in Missouri. Senator David R. Atchison, who had heard Webster, Clay, Benton, and other American speakers, said:

"I knew Aleck Doniphan well, intimately, since 1830, and I tell you, sir, when he was at his best, I heard him climb higher than any of them."

Colonel Doniphan's appearance was imposing. In height, he was six feet and four inches. He had a fine head and his forehead was high. His eyes were hazel and his lips always smiling. When young his complexion was fair and his hair sandy.

Colonel Doniphan told a friend that he never began a speech without feeling bashful. Many great orators have said the same thing about themselves. Col. D. C. Allen, of Liberty, knew Doniphan well, and this is what he says:

"What an orator he was! Men who had been in Congress used to say that Webster and Clay could

not sway men as could old Alex Doniphan. He may have been bashful before he began, but once under way he was on fire. The whole man was like a flame. His burning eyes, his gestures, his tall figure—everything about was like fire. I think perhaps I cannot give you a better idea of him than to tell you what an old woodsman, Adam K. McClintock, told me once. He was describing a barbecue on the Clear Fork of Fishing River at a place called Hawkin's Mill. McClintock, a young man, was helping serve the barbecue, and at first he paid no particular attention to the speaking. There were several speakers.

Charmed Birds and Squirrels

" 'Finally it came around to Doniphan,' the woodsman said, 'and instantly there was a great rush of people from all around to the speakers' stand. At the very first I paid no particular attention to it. As he went on he charmed not only the people, but the birds and the wild animals. I discovered that the trees around the speakers' stand were full of birds and squirrels, chattering and barking away. He had even charmed the birds and squirrels out of their lairs. I never saw such an affect produced on people as he made that day. He was young, very tall and splendid looking, with a voice very keen, which rang through the woods, and an eye that flashed lightning.' "

While Colonel Doniphan won fame as a lawyer, statesman and orator, it was as a soldier that he attracted the attention of the nation. No Missourian has a more premanent place in history than he. It was as a soldier that he won greatest distinction.

His first military campaign was in 1838 and was against the Mormons at Far West, in Caldwell county, Missouri. He commanded the First Missouri Brigade and was ordered to proceed to the storm center of the Mormon troubles. A battle was expected but Colonel Doniphan induced the Mormons to surrender their arms, give up their leaders, and leave the state. So ended successfully and without the loss of a man on either side, his first campaign.

The second and last campaign of Colonel Doniphan was made in 1846-7 during the Mexican War. This campaign was the famous Doniphan's Expedition of One Thousand Missourians. This expedition was completed in twelve months, during which time the men traveled four thousand miles by land and two thousand five hundred miles by sea. It returned laden with spoils and lost less than one hundred men.

Doniphan's Expedition of One Thousand Missourians is classic in history. It left its base of supplies at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, crossed the plains of Kansas and Colorado, and the mountains and deserts of New Mexico and northern old Mexico. Its path was contested by bands of Indians, large Mexican armies, and by nature's weapons of heat and cold, hunger and thirst. It conquered two powerful tribes of Indians, won two battles against the Mexicans where the Missourians were outnumbered four to one, and subdued several hundred thousand hostile Mexicans. It captured many cities, three capitals, and four Mexican states.

The route of the Expedition was from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe, New Mexico. From Santa Fe, the army went into the mountains and conquered

some Indian tribes. The men had received no pay for their services since leaving home and their clothes were in bad condition. Their spirits were high, however, and they were full of fight.

Leaving Santa Fe in December, 1846, they marched to the Rio Grande River. The cold wind and snow on the desert caused the men to suffer greatly. They had neither winter clothing nor tents. On part of the march they were without water for ninety miles.

They reached the Brazito river, a small stream, on Christmas day and prepared to camp. Colonel Doniphan sought recreation over a game of cards. He was playing with his officers for a stake. The winner was to have a fine Mexican horse, which had been captured earlier in the day. But the game was not to be finished. A messenger stood before the Colonel:

"There is a big cloud of dust to the south, which must be the Mexicans approaching." he said.

"Then we must stop the game long enough to whip the Mexicans," Colonel Doniphan said rising. "But remember, I have the biggest score, and we will play it out as soon as the battle is finished."

The troops under Colonel Doniphan were soon looking into the fire-spitting muzzles of the enemies guns. The Missourians did not fire. They waited. It was the order of their commander.

The fire of the Mexicans grew fiercer. But the Missourians only waited the order to fire. At last it was given. The Mexicans had reached within one hundred and fifty yards of the Missourians when they were fired upon. The enemy was checked, the

horses reared upon their haunches, and many of the Mexicans fled in a panic. The others were soon defeated by the keen aim of the Missourians. Over fifty Mexicans were killed and one hundred were wounded, while only seven Missourians were injured, none fatally. The victors obtained many spoils in horses, ammunition, cannon, and food. That Christmas night Doniphan's soldiers celebrated their victory, known in history as the battle of Brazito.

From Brazito, Colonel Doniphan marched to El Paso, which he captured. From there he entered northern Mexico and won against four thousand Mexicans in the Battle of Sacramento. He then captured cities in northern Mexico. His troops embarked on ship for New Orleans and came on to St. Louis. At home they were received with dinners and speeches. Missouri was indeed proud of Colonel Doniphan and his One Thousand Missourians.

As a citizen, Colonel Doniphan represented the best and highest ideals. His private and social life was perfect. He was a loving husband, a just and liberal father. He was a pleasant neighbor, honorable in all his dealings with men. He was generous, and helped many young men with his advice and money. He was a true friend of education. He was often seen visiting the grade and the high schools.

He encouraged the children. For years he served on the school board in Liberty and in 1854, when at the height of his Mexican War fame, he accepted the humble position of commissioner or superintendent of the public schools of Clay county. He said he ought to do so because the people of the county had done everthing they could for him. He held this office

one year and brought honor to it and to himself by establishing the first Teachers' Institute held in a Missouri county.

Colonel Doniphan's greatest work for education was his securing the location of William Jewell College at Liberty. When this question came before the General Baptist Convention, the principal rivals for the school were Boonville, Columbia, Fayette and Liberty. Few thought that Liberty had a chance of getting the college, because it was situated so near the western frontier. Boonville, the meeting place of the Convention, had certain advantages. Fayette was also favored. Columbia had the best chance since it was the home of Dr. William Jewell. Doctor Jewell offered a bonus of $10,000 in land if Columbia was given the college.

Clay county was represented by Colonel Doniphan, who was not even a member of the Baptist church. Colonel Doniphan spoke for Liberty and by his eloquence won the college for his town. Colonel Doniphan saw that Dr. William Jewell was deeply disappointed and so he arose and proposed to the Convention that the college be named "William Jewell." This was agreed to, and in gratitude, Doctor Jewell publicly donated the $10,000 in land.

Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan was a conquering genius. He was a friend of education and religion. He was an orator and a lawyer of note. His career as a soldier, while brief, will ever live. He was a kind father and husband, a true neighbor and friend, and a model gentleman in all things.

JOHN J. PERSHING, 1860-

America's Commanding General in France

EXACTLY seventy years after Colonel Doniphan led his famous Expedition of One Thousand Missourians into northern Mexico in 1846-47—the first American military expedition to cross those sandy deserts—another United States army in Mexico campaigned over the same ground. But more remarkable still was the fact that the leader of the second expedition, like that of the first, was a Missourian.

"Colonel. Alexander W. Doniphan, who led the expedition in 1846-47, was a Clay county lawyer; General John Joseph Pershing, Missouri's Doniphan of 1916-17, was also a lawyer, although his experience at the bar had been brief. Pershing became a cavalryman by accident, but he rose to the rank of general by sheer merit. That series of Indian uprisings which began in the Southwest during the late eighties—was the accident which turned his career into a military channel."

When the first American soldiers landed in France in the summer of 1917, they were also led by General Pershing. "Black Jack" Pershing he is called by his friends. The high position occupied by this great soldier should be the pride of every Missourian. His life should be known by every schoolboy and girl. He is a leader of world-wide fame. The story of his life reads like a fairy tale, only his good fairy was hard work and determination. By these he won success.

JOHN J. PERSHING
(From Missouri Historical Review, State Hist. Soc. of Mo., Columbia.)

General Pershing was born in Linn county, Missouri, near the town of Laclede, on September 13, 1860. He was a quiet lad, ambitious and self-possessed. He had a complexion as fair as a girl, and his hair was almost white—the boys called him "tow-head." He was not a bully but was also not afraid to fight. He was a typical American boy, full of life and courage.

His father was a foreman or "boss" of a railroad section "gang" and later owned a store in Laclede. His father being poor, young Pershing had to work. He taught school for a time in order to earn enough money to finish his education.

Altho he never sought a quarrel, the young lad was known even at this time to be a good fighter, who never acknowledged defeat. This story is told of the fighting young school teacher.

One day at noon hour a big farmer with red whiskers rode up to the schoolhouse with a revolver in his hand. Pershing had whipped one of the farmer's children and the farmer was going to give the young school-master a good flogging. One of Pershing's pupils tells the story as he recalled it thirty-eight years later:

"I remember how he rode up cussing before all the children in the school-yard and how another boy and I ran down a gully because we were afraid. We peeped over the edge, tho, and heard Pershing tell the farmer to put up his gun, get down off his horse and fight like a man."

"The farmer got down and John stripped off his coat. He was only a boy of seventeen or eighteen

and slender, but he thrashed the big farmer soundly. And I have hated red whiskers ever since."

Pershing saved enough from teaching school to attend the Kirksville State Normal School. He graduated there in 1880. He wanted to go to college and study law. Luck favored him and he was appointed to West Point, where the United States trained the officers of her national army. Pershing first had to pass a competitive examination and won by only one point over another young man. He graduated from West Point in 1886 with the rank of senior cadet captain, the highest honor West Point confers.

The next ten years he spent fighting Indians in New Mexico, Arizona and the Dakotas. Here he was noted as a brave and cool fighter and was highly complimented by his officers.

For four years he was military instructor at the University of Nebraska, where he completed the course in law.

Ten years of Indian fighting and desert hunting had toughened his body and sharpened his wits. He was tall, deep-chested, slim-waisted, and graceful from life in the saddle. He was fully prepared for the great work now just ahead of him.

When the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898, Lieutenant Pershing went to Cuba. Here he was in the battle of ElCaney, where he fought well. His Colonel said this of him:

"I have been in many fights and was all through the Civil War, but on my word he (Pershing) is the bravest and coolest man under fire I ever saw."

After the war in Cuba, Pershing went to Washington, D. C., where he aided the government in handling the new island possessions of the United States—Porto Rico and the Philippines.

He soon tired of desk work and early in 1899 left for the Philippines to help conquer the natives, who were still fighting the United States.

In the Philippines, Pershing was very successful as a soldier. He was also successful in making peace with the natives, who were called Moros.

Pershing returned to the United States in 1903, and then went to Japan. In that country he saw the great war between Japan and Russia in 1905. He was with the Japanese army much of the time and observed many things that were to greatly help him later.

In 1906, he was again called to the Philippines and was made commander of one of the large islands and governor of a Moro province. He stayed there eight years. During these years he won the respect of all. The natives learned they could not impose on him and that he could be depended on to aid them. He was honest and just to all. Finally the natives grew to love him.

This native love for him was often embarressing to the young officer, whose modesty was as great as his courage.

One morning he awoke to find himself the father of a fine eighteen year old boy. The real father of the lad was a Sultan, and had honored Pershing by giving him his heir.

When the United States began having trouble with Mexico in 1915, General Pershing was sent

to the border. In 1916, he was given command of an American force of 10,000 soldiers to invade Northern Mexico and capture the Mexican bandit leader, Villa. Villa escaped but the expedition was well led in every detail.

When the war was declared against Germany by the United States in 1917, General Pershing was given command of the American soldiers. At the writing of this article (1918) General Pershing is still in France with his army of brave, American boys, fighting for the democracy of the world.

Many are the stories told of General Pershing. This one is by Aunt Susan Hewett, an aged widow of Laclede, who has known General Pershing since he was a boy:

"Law, yes, I remember John when he wasn't more than two or three years old. We used to run a hotel when my husband, Captain Hewett, was alive and when John was big enough to put on trousers he used to eat more pie in our kitchen than any other boy in town.

"He was back here ten years ago. It was on the twenty-fourth day of October that Uncle Henry Lomax came up to my door and said, 'Aunt Susan, there's a gentleman outside that wants to see you.' When I stepped out and saw a tall young man, Uncle Henry asked me if I knew who it was.

" 'Yes,' I says, 'I can see his mother's features in his face. It's John Pershing.' He came to me with arms open and he embraced and kissed me and we both cried. 'Aunt Susan,' he says—and I'll never forget his words as long as I live—'Aunt Susan, it does my very heart good to meet my mother's dear

old friends. The place seems like home to me and it always will. I've been away a long time and there have been many changes but this is home.'

"The chrysanthemums were in bloom and after we had talked a while in the parlor I went out and picked a boquet for him to take away.

" 'They are going to have some kind of a reception for me tonight, and I want you to come, Aunt Susan,' he says. I told him I'd try to be there, but that I was tired and worn out because I had been working in the garden. 'You won't have to walk, Aunt Susan,' he says, 'I'll come after you myself.' About five in the afternoon he came in a buggy.

"We went to the reception together, and my! what a crowd. The whole house was packed and people were standing in the yard. Johnny shook hands with everybody and talked to them, and he finally made a speech, which I didn't hear because there were so many people around. John Pershing always did have talent."

Besides being brave, General Pershing is a wit. This good story, by Ivan H. Epperson, shows he is well able to take care of himself.

"He was invited to a stag dinner party one evening where a jolly story-telling lot of good fellows was to be present and he went primed with his best stories, a memorandum in his vest pocket to aid him in telling them. The memorandum was accidently dropped on the floor and was picked up by one of his friends, who immediately saw what it was and decided to have his little joke at the General's expense. The finder got an opportunity to spring the first story and promptly started off with the first story on the

list. Pershing said nothing and laughed—he always does when a good story is told, and makes you laugh too—but when the second one of his list was told he felt in his pocket for the memorandum and discovered its loss. A few minutes later the General, after a consultation with a waiter, announced that he had just received a message which would require his absence for a few minutes on important business.

"Jumping into a car he was hurried to a hotel. From the clerk he secured the names of half a dozen travelling men—drummers—who were stopping there and announced that he wanted to see these men at once on important business. The drummers responded and in twenty minutes the General was back at the banquet, before the coffee had been poured, with a new stock of yarns. Then ensued a battle royal between the two famous story-tellers, much to the amusement of the guests, until his friend played out the string and left the General victor in the humorous contest.

"Just at this juncture one of the drummers, made up as a police officer, arrived, arrested the joker, searched him and found the General's memorandum, which he exposed to the hilarious guests with the significant comment:

" 'General Pershing has really been the only entertainer this evening, but lots of people are making reputations with the public on the General's ideas.' "

A friend of General Pershing, who has known him many years says this of Missouri's greatest soldier:

"You should meet him at a dinner party and listen to his stories. You should stand with him before

his tent in the field, in the sunshine—he loves the sunshine and the wide out-of-doors— and hear him tell stories of campaigning at his best. You should meet this big man with the heart of a little child, this man who, by befriending his enemies has made them his companions, this man who stands up erect and faces the horrors of disaster with a smile, while he prays in his heart for the relief of the sufferers.' "

EDWARD HEMPSTEAD, 1770-1817

First Delegate to Congress from Missouri Territory

WHEN Upper Louisiana was ceded by France to the United States in 1804, hundreds of Americans came to the new land. Missouri was a part of Upper Louisiana and had nearly all the white population. At this time Missouri had only about 10,000 persons, who lived along the west bank of the Mississippi River. There were a few towns but they were mere villages. The people spoke French and were of French blood. They were a peaceful, happy people who loved their customs, plays and their life here in the West. In 1804, however, the Americans came in from the Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and the two Carolinas, and a few from the old states of Pennsylvania, New York and Connecticut.

EDWARD HEMPSTEAD (From Louis Houck's "History of Missouri.")

Among these new-comers or immigrants was a man a little over thirty years old, poor but able. He had left his home in Connecticut miles away, and traveled by horseback to Indiana. From Indiana he walked to Missouri with all his personal property tied in a bundle, which he carried on his back. This was the manner in which Edward Hempstead, our first Delegate in Congress, came to his adopted home, Missouri.

Born in Connecticut on June 3, 1770, he was a boy when the Revolutionary War opened. Together with that great Connecticut patriot, Nathan Hale, his father and uncles fought for American freedom, but the education of young Edward was not neglected. He had private teachers and later studied law. He became a lawyer and spent three years in Rhode Island, where Roger Williams had founded his colony for religious freedom nearly two hundred years before.

On coming to Missouri in 1804, then called Upper Louisiana, Hempstead first settled at St. Charles on the Missouri River. He later moved to St. Louis where he made his home for years. While out riding one day he was thrown from his horse and died from the effects of the fall on August 10, 1817, a little over forty-seven years of age.

During his short life in Missouri, Edward Hempstead held several important public offices. He was first Deputy Attorney-General for the large districts of St. Louis and St. Charles and then became Attorney-General for all Upper Louisiana. In 1812 when the name of Louisiana Territory was changed to Missouri Territory, he was elected Delegate to Congress from 1812 to 1814—the first man west of the Mississippi River to hold this office. Afterwards he went upon several expeditions against the Indians and was a captain. He was elected to the Missouri Territorial General Assembly and was leader or Speaker in the House of Representatives.

Edward Hempstead was a man of ability, pure and honest, and his death was deeply lamented. His great work in Congress will always be remembered.

In this work he was aided by his friend, Thomas. F. Riddick, a prominent citizen of St. Louis. Every schoolboy and girl should know the story of Riddick and Hempstead. These two men were the real "Fathers of Education" in Missouri.

For many years the towns and the villages in Missouri owned great tracts of land which everybody could use to cultivate or to pasture his horses and cattle. These tracts were called commonfields or commons, and each village owned its commons just like today towns own parks. No one man could sell his part because the commons belonged to all the people. Most of these old Missouri French villages also owned many lots inside the villages. In those days land and lots were cheap and nobody paid much attention to these commons and village-lots except to use them.

When the Americans came in 1804, life changed in the old French towns. Business boomed and everybody bought land and lots cheap. Some Americans bought not to farm the land or build houses but in order to later sell high and make money as more people moved to Missouri. These men were called land speculators. They didn't do Missouri very much good, for they were really land grabbers. It began to look like they would even get some of these French villages to sell the large common-fields and village-lots.

There were some Americans, however, who determined this should not happen. Missouri had no public schools in those days, and these few good Americans thought it would be wise to have a law passed by Congress giving these common-fields and village-

lots to these towns forever to rent out for the support of public schools. Of course, the land was worth little then, but it would be very valuable some day.

The leader of this scheme, a man who loved education and public schools, was Thomas F. Riddick. He told his friends that the commons in St. Louis, then a town of only several hundred persons, would some day be worth thousands of dollars. Riddick said that St. Louis would become a large city and wanted her to have plenty of money to spend for education.

Of course, the big land speculators knew Riddick was right but they wanted the commons and village-lots for themselves. So they bitterly opposed Riddick's scheme.

Edward Hempstead had gone to Washington City as a Delegate and was trying to have Congress pass the law he and Riddick wanted. Hempstead was not given a vote in Congress because he was only a Delegate and not a full Congressman, but he could talk before Congress, and he did.

For a while it looked like the land speculators would defeat Hempstead, so Riddick mounted a horse and traveled alone all the way to Washington, six hundred and ninety miles from St. Louis. And he did this at his own expense. Together these two unselfish men had the law passed. Today the value of these lands owned by just one of these old towns, the City of St. Louis, is millions of dollars. This was the great work done by Hon. Edward Hempstead and the public spirited Thomas F. Riddick, a work every Missourian should be proud of and whose authors should ever be honored.

RUFUS EASTON, 1774-1834

Second Delegate to Congress From Missouri Territory

CONNECTICUT, gave Missouri her first two Delegates in Congress, Edward Hempstead and Rufus Easton. The latter was born in 1774, a year before the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill were fought. Young Easton received a good education and studied law when only seventeen years old. He became a good lawyer and practiced in Connecticut and New York.

RUFUS EASTON
From Walter B.Stevens' "Missouri; The Center State.")

When he was thirty years of age he moved in 1804 to St. Louis in Upper Louisiana, or Missouri as it was later called. He became the first postmaster of St. Louis and held other public offices. He was a judge, United States attorney, from 1814 to 1816 Delagate from Missouri Territory in Congress, and from 1821 to 1826 Attorney-General for the State of Missouri. In all of these high positions Easton preformed his duties well, both to the credit of himself and Missouri.

Rufus Easton was Missouri's second Delegate to Congress. Like Edward Hempstead, he did not have the right to vote but he did have the right to speak on the floor of Congress. He was an able orator and a convincing speaker. He performed one great thing while in Congress. This was the passage of a law in 1815 settling what was called the New Madrid earthquake claims.

Beginning in 1811 all Southeast Missouri, lying along the Mississippi River, was shaken with earthquake shocks. The earthquake was terrible. It began at midnight and not only destroyed houses and fences, but killed persons and cattle. People fled from their homes into the black night and some were swallowed up in the big fissures or ditches that the earthquake made. Some of these fissures were many feet wide and deeper than wells, with water at the bottom. All nature seemed to be in battle against the monster force of the earthquake. The land was shaken like a blanket and the fields rolled like the waves of the ocean. Hills were made where before it had been level, and long lakes were formed where there had been tall forests. Even the Mississippi River rocked its waters like in a tempest. People prayed and tried to escape. Few were killed but all who lived feared to stay where the ruin had been. Their farms were destroyed and their homes were wrecked. The earthquake would last a few minutes and then return in a month or two. This was kept up for several years, the shocks lessening in force. The center of the shocks was in the New Madrid district but the effects were felt for miles up and down the river.

The poor settlers asked Congress to help them and Rufus Easton presented their claims. The United States Government then owned millions of acres of land in Missouri Territory. Easton asked the government to give the New Madrid people new land located elsewhere in Missouri in exchange for their ruined farms. These were called the New Madrid claims, some of which were very hard to settle. Congress finally passed a law settling the New Madrid claims and many of these early Southeast Missouri people settled along the Missouri River and in the great Boone's Lick country, where are today the counties of Howard, Boone, Callaway and others. Rufus Easton did a great piece of work for Missouri when he had this law passed. His name should be remembered by all who love the history and people of this state.

Great as he was as a lawmaker or Delegate to Congress, he was even greater as a lawyer. In those days, a hundred years ago, Hon. Rufus Easton was looked upon as one of the ablest and most learned lawyers in Missouri. He had many clients and made much money practicing law. His mind was well trained and he could express himself clearly and to the point. He was a strong debater and was a hard man to defeat in a lawsuit.

He had a kind heart and gave much of his time and money to help the poor. Many a young man who wanted to become a lawyer studied in Easton's office. He liked company and with his wife frequently entertained his friends. Few strangers of note visited St. Louis without being invited to his home. He

was very absent-minded and once this caused him great embarresment.

He had invited a widely known general of the army, who was on a visit to St. Louis, to dine with him on a certain day at three o'clock. The officer came promptly on the hour, but the family had already dined. Easton at the time was writing in his office and had entirely forgotten the invitation and had not even told Mrs. Easton a word about it.

Colonel Easton, as he was often called, was a man of fine appearance. He was greatly admired for his ability, honesty and goodness. Unlike most public men and lawyers of his day, Colonel Easton hated and detested the duel. In those days if a man felt that another had insulted him, he would send a note challenging the other to fight with him. They fought usually with pistols, and many a brave man was killed over some small thing he had said or done. Of course, today the duel is not allowed by the law. Colonel Easton thought it was a foolish and wicked thing. One day Colonel Easton was challenged by the Hon. John Scott to fight a duel because Scott had heard that Easton had said something about him. Colonel Easton refused in these words:

"I don't want to kill you, and if you were to kill me, I would die as a fool dieth."

Hon. Rufus Easton moved to St. Charles in later life and died there on July 5, 1834. His grave is in Lindenwood cemetery.

JOHN SCOTT, 1782-1861

Missouri's First Congressman

FEW public men in Missouri have had more interesting stories told about them than the Hon. John Scott, the man who challenged Colonel Rufus Easton. Unlike Colonel Easton, Scott approved the duel. Taking offense at some newspaper article printed against him, Scott challenged five men one day, before breakfast. Not one of the duels was fought, but it wasn't because John Scott refused. He was a fearless man and was deeply loved by many. As a lawyer, for all public men in those days practiced law, Scott was one of the best in Missouri. His personal influence over a jury was wonderful. Once he defended a man who was in the wrong. Everybody knew the man had done what he was accused of, but somehow contrary to all the evidence and proof the jury brought in a verdict for Scott's client and the man was freed. One of the jurors was asked how in the world he could do such a thing. The juror innocently replied: "Didn't John Scott tell us to bring in a verdict that way?"

There are a dozen stories like this about this remarkable lawyer.

Born in Virginia in 1782, he received a fine college education at Princeton University. His father was a weaver and moved to Pennsylvania and then to Indiana. John Scott helped his father rear his large family. While in Indiana he taught school, studied law and became a lawyer. He came to Missouri in

1805 and was the first lawyer to permanently settle in Ste. Genevieve, the oldest town in Missouri. He soon became the leading lawyer in his part of the country, and in the 1817 election defeated Colonel Rufus Easton as Missouri's Territorial Delegate to Congress. He was re-elected and when Missouri became a state in 1820, he was elected Missouri's first Congressman. He was re-elected several times and was finally defeated by a brilliant young lawyer named Edward Bates. Scott was defeated because in the presidential election of 1824 he had voted for John Quincy Adams for president of the United States and against General Andrew Jackson, sometimes called "Old Hickory." "Old Hickory" was very popular in Missouri because he was a brave man, a good soldier and honest. He was a Tennessean and was loved by the West. His victory over the British at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815 and his battles with the Indians, made him a popular hero. John Scott thought, however, that Adams was a better man and so he voted for him when the election was held in Congress. So in 1824 Missouri really elected the President of the United States, for the votes were so even that if Scott had voted for Jackson, Adams would have been defeated. This vote of Scott's, however, defeated him the next election, but he had then served nearly ten years in Congress.

As soon as he was out of office, Scott again took up the practice of law. He was a great lawyer and had many clients. One of these was a man known all over the West.

He had come from Tennessee and he called himself "John Smith T." The "T" stood for Tennessee. He said he had to do this because there were so many John Smiths in Missouri. John Smith T. was a character. He was tall, slender and wiry; mild and courteous in manners; but terrible when angered. He had fought many duels and always killed his rival. He was fearless, cool, and a fine shot. He even had two slaves to make his pistols and rifles for him, the best in the West. Whereever he went he was always well armed. John Smith T. had some trouble with John Perry, of Washington county. One day, while Perry was on his way to Ste. Genevieve, he was overtaken by Smith, who told him that he regretted any trouble with him, and that they were now alone and could settle the matter, saying that he had a couple of friends (meaning his pistols) with him.

"There, take your choice, Mr. Perry," said Smith.

Mr. Perry politely thanked him, and refused the offer, as he had special business to see to at Ste. Genevieve in person. Smith said that he regretted that their trouble could not be settled in this sensible way (meaning a duel). After that, however, the two travelled on together to Ste. Genevieve, talking on different matters like old friends.

John Smith T. once became involved in trouble for which he came very close to being hanged, and if it had not been for the Hon. John Scott such would have been the case. One day Smith came to Ste. Genevieve and stopped at an inn kept by Mrs. McArthur. While drinking with another man, named

Ball, a quarrel started and Smith killed Ball. They were at that time the only persons in the bar-room. Mrs. McArthur, a brave woman, hearing the shot, came in and saw Ball lying dead on the floor. She demanded the pistols Smith held in his hand. Smith gave them to her and said: "Take them, my daughter." He was arrested and put in jail. Of course, he employed his friend, John Scott, to defend him. So well did Scott plead with the jury that John Smith T. was freed.

Hon. John Scott was queer looking. He was of short stature, his complexion clear and healthy, his walk rapid, and was quick in all his movements. In later years he wore his long white hair in a queue, which fell gracefully over his shoulders, and at times was fastened in a bunch and kept together with a comb. At court, as well as at other places, he wore on one side of his breast a beautiful carved dirk or dagger, and on the other side a pistol, both of which he carried to his death from habit. Even on his death-bed, in 1861, when nearly eighty years old, he arose one day and grabbing a pistol, yelled: "Show me the man who wants to destroy this Government." He was very eccentric and frequently indulged in profanity. He could hardly say a sentence without uttering an oath. This was only a habit with him but a very bad habit, which many times greatly embarrassed him in the presence of ladies.

While in Congress he had passed the law that permitted Missouri to adopt a state constitution and become a state in the Union. He also persuaded Congress to give Missouri many thousands of acres of land for public schools, a State university, and a

place to build a capitol. He was a believer in education and public schools. In fact, all the big men of Missouri were lovers of education. John Scott was also one of the forty-one men, called the "Fathers of the State," who framed Missouri's first constitution. He wrote the part of that constitution that provided for free public schools and a State university.

Hon. John Scott was a brave and honest man. In attending courts in different counties he rode on horseback. His saddle was covered with sheep skin and upon that was placed a pair of large saddle bags, filled with books and papers. He traveled this way several times to Washington City, and also over a great extent of country. No weather stopped him and nothing prevented him from crossing creeks and rivers. While on his travels over the country he was often given large sums of money to hand to other persons. He never touched this money even when sometimes he found himself without a dollar in his own pocket. In attending court he always carried a green bag, filled with papers and books. He even carried this bag with him to the table. Some of the lawyers in those early days also carried green bags, among whom was the great Edward Bates.

In 1861, the Hon. John Scott died at his home in Ste. Genevieve. He was greatly beloved, highly regarded and respected by all.

DAVID BARTON, 1783-1837

Little Red

Missouri's First United States Senator

SEVERAL years after Missouri was admitted to the Union in 1821, an old pioneer from the western part of the state went to Washington City to look after some business. He knew Missouri's Congressman and her two United States Senators, so one day he visited the Senate chamber to listen to the debates. The chamber was crowded for everybody had heard that there would be a great speech delivered against Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory." Even the galleries were full and hundreds of persons stood in the aisles and doorways. The old frontier backwoodsman from Missouri finally forced himself in. There he stood with head high and erect above the others, clad in his homespun clothes. The speaking and debating began. The orator, who had the floor, was a Missouri Senator and the old pioneer knew and loved him. The speech was wonderful, full of wit and sarcasm, pathos and story. It swept the audience off its feet. Sometimes funny and again bitter, it aroused the crowd. The old pioneer could hardly hold himself in, and finally shouted at the top of his voice, "Go it, My Little Red! Go it, My Little Red!" Everybody looked at the tall, fearless Missourian, but he didn't notice them. When the speech was over, and the crowd was struggling to leave, he called out again and again at the top of his voice, which was heard above everything:

"Hurrah for my little Red!"

"Hurrah for my Little Red!"

These sudden shouts astonished and for a moment startled everybody in the Senate chamber. The eyes of all were directed to this strange man, dressed so queerly. Even after he had left the Capitol building, and was on the streets, he kept yelling, again and again, at the highest pitch of his powerful voice:

"Hurrah for the Little Red!"

Many thought the man was insane. When asked by some one why he said this, he explained that he was from western Missouri, and that he had indulged in the sport of fighting chickens. He said that one time he had owned a little red rooster, which could whip any chicken that could be brought against it, and that when he saw that United States Senator from Missouri, an old friend of his, "putting his licks into them fellers in the Senate, and bringing them down at every flutter," it reminded him of his old cock-fighting days, when his little red rooster used to clean out everything in the ring. So he yelled again, "Hurrah for my Little Red!"

The United States Senator, "Little Red" as he was afterward called by many, was David Barton, Missouri's United States Senator from 1820 to 1830.

Born in North Carolina on December 14, 1783, David Barton was reared on a farm. He received a college education and then studied law. Coming to Missouri in 1812 he soon attracted attention by his ability as a lawyer and made many friends. He fought against the Indians in Missouri and in a few years was appointed circuit judge. He was the first

DAVID BARTON
(From Floyd C. Shoemaker's "Missouri's Struggle For Statehood.")

circuit judge to hold court west of the Mississippi River. In 1818 he was Speaker (presiding officer) of the Missouri Territorial House of Representatives and in 1820 was elected president of Missouri's first constitutional convention, composed of forty-one delegates. These forty-one men or "Fathers of the State," framed and adopted Missouri's first constitution in 1820. David Barton perhaps wrote more of that constitution than any other man.

When Missouri became a state in 1820, a year before she was admitted to the Union, Judge David Barton, as he was called, was the most beloved public man here and was elected Missouri's first United States Senator. He held this high office with credit to himself and his people, for ten years. He also brought about the election of his friend, Thomas H. Benton, to the United States Senate in 1820, but in 1824 Benton became his enemy because Barton had voted for Adams for President of the United States instead of voting for Jackson. In 1830 Barton was defeated for re-election but held other public offices, being elected once to the State Senate of Missouri.

Judge Barton was able and honest. He was not so well versed in the law as Rufus Easton, but was a much better speaker. He had the power to move a jury or a crowd, could deliver off-hand an after dinner speech or a public address. His personal magnetism was wonderful, and his voice was soft and well controlled. He was a master of sarcasm and wit, and could tell stories that made his audience laugh one minute and cry the next.

He was usually grave and sedate. He always spoke in simple language and short sentences. His

gestures were few and he carried his point by the force of his reasoning. He could explain a difficult problem until it seemed simple. He was a small man, of low stature, with broad shoulders and high forehead, and an intellectual face. Although he did not have a fine education, he had a good command of language.

Many stories are told about Judge Barton and his love of a joke.

Upon one occasion he was arguing a question of law before the Supreme Court, when Judge Tomkins said:

"Stop, Mr. Barton. Do you call that law?"

"*No,* may it please Your Honor," replied Mr. Barton, respectfully bowing, "*but I did not know but that the court would take it for law.*"

An old friend and great admirer of Judge Barton, who was about to get married while Barton was judge, insisted upon Judge Barton coming to the wedding and performing the ceremony, as he was authorized by law to do. Barton attended the wedding, and performed the ceremony after his manner: The parties being present, stood up on the floor, where all the guests were assembled. The Judge asked, "John Smith, do you take Lucy Jones to be your wife?" He answered, "I do." "Lucy Jones, do you take John Smith to be your husband?" she answered, "I do." The Judge then said, "The contract is complete. I pronounce you man and wife."

Judge Barton esteemed men for their own and not their ancestral merits. Once, at a public table in old Franklin, Judge S———, of old Virginia, was

fluently exhibiting his pride of ancestry, as only a Virginian can, when Judge Barton, who sat some distance off, turned to an acquaintance opposite, and addressing him in a tone loud enough to be heard by all, said:

"Bill, do you know my horse, Pomp?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bill.

"Well, sir, he is the finest horse in the United States. I have tried him under the saddle, and I have tried him to the carriage; I have tried him in the plow and I have tried him in the wagon; and in none of these places is he worth a whoop! But he is the finest horse in the United States. *It is in the blood, sir, it is all in the blood!*"

Judge Barton was by no means tidy in dress, and when visiting among friends, carried with him no extra clothing—not even a change of shirt. On one occasion, in Boone county, a friend with whom he was stopping brought him a clean shirt, which he took into an adjoining room to put on. The garment had a cottom back and a linen bosom, and this struck Barton's sense of propriety. He at first hesitated about putting it on at all, but then concluded to put it on *back in front*. Having effected the change he came out adjusting the colar, and said: "Look here, Mr. Black, this shirt is a big fraud, and I don't mean to be a party in it."

Judge Barton, while on the bench, lived for a time at old Franklin, and held one of his courts there. In the same place lived an old magistrate by the name of Cole, for whom Cole county was named. Esquire Cole was a great admirer of Judge Barton.

Upon one occasion, while the Judge was holding the court in an old log house, it was raining very hard and the roof leaked, and the rain came dripping down upon the judge. Esquire Cole saw it, and climbed up in the loft and attempted to turn the leak. In doing so a board dropped from his hand, and he commenced swearing. The Judge directed the clerk to enter a fine of $1 against Esquire Cole for contempt of court in swearing in his presence. This offended the Esquire very much, and a few days afterwards the Judge was passing the house where the Esquire was holding his court. Cole called him in, saying:

"I want to tell you how I have decided a case, and I want your opinion upon it," stating the case.

Judge Barton replied: "You are nothing but a big fool."

"I fine you $5, Judge, for swearing in my court," said Esquire Cole.

The Judge laughed, acknowledged the hit, and their friendship was renewed.

Judge Barton spent the latter year of his short life at Boonville. He was never married and in his last days his mind became clouded and eventually he went insane. He died on September 28, 1837, and was buried in Walnut Grove Cemetery. The State of Missouri honored him by erecting a monument over his grave in 1853. This monument is now placed on the campus of the University of Missouri, and a larger, finer, marble shaft was placed over the grave in Boonville.

Judge Barton was a great and honest man, an eloquent orator, and an able public servant. No man was more loved in Missouri in 1820 than David Barton, and when he died in 1837 his friends were many.

THOMAS HART BENTON, 1782-1858

The Greatest Statesman of the West

WHEN gold was discovered in California, men from all parts of the world rushed to the new ElDorado. Fortunes were made in a few weeks. Many Missourians crossed the plains and mountains to become wealthy. Among these was a man from St. Louis, named Colonel John Wilson. The story of John Wilson is now almost forgotten.

Colonel Wilson was a bitter enemy of Missouri's statesman, Senator Thomas Hart Benton. One day Colonel Wilson came to Washington, D. C., and asked the great New England Senator, Daniel Webster, for a letter of introduction to some prominent person in California.

"I am an old man and very poor," said Colonel Wilson, "and want to make money in California.

"But I know no big man there," replied Mr. Webster. "Senator Benton has many friends on the Pacific coast and his son-in-law, General Fremont, almost controls California. Let me ask Senator Benton for such a letter for you."

"Do you not know that Benton and I have been bitter enemies for thirty years? That I hate him and he hates me?" replied Colonel Wilson.

"I know all that," said Mr. Webster, "but we are all getting old and Senator Benton will be happy now to help you. He feels that age is coming upon him and he wants to make friends with his bitterest foes."

After much coaxing, Colonel Wilson promised to hand the following note to Senator Benton:

Dear Sir:

I know of your quarrels with the bearer of this note, Col. John Wilson, but he is now an old man and is going to California, and needs a letter of recommendation. I know nobody in California, you know everybody, and you can do Colonel Wilson much good. I have told Colonel Wilson that you will be glad to help him and forgive and forget your past quarrels. I have persuaded him to carry this note to you.

Sincerely,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

Colonel Wilson delivered the note and was met at the door by Senator Benton himself. He took Colonel Wilson by both hands and said: "Wilson, I am glad to see you; this is the happiest meeting I have had for thirty years. Give me your hand. Webster has done me the kindest thing he ever did in his life."

Senator Benton led Colonel Wilson directly to the dining-room, where he met Mrs. Benton, and they all had supper together. Finally, Senator Benton said:

"You and I, Wilson, have been quarreling for thirty years. We have been calling each other bad names, but really we both had respect for each other. It has been a foolish fight, and let's wipe it out of our minds. Everything that I have said about you I ask your pardon for."

Then Colonel Wilson asked Benton's pardon and they became good friends. They talked over old times until the clock struck the hour of midnight. Nothing was said about the letter.

The next morning, Senator Benton came to Colonel Wilson's room and said:

"Wilson, I have prepared some letters for you to my son-in-law and other friends in California."

And the letters covered nine pages of writing asking all his friends in California to do everything they could for *"His dearest friend, Colonel John Wilson, of St. Louis."*

Senator Thomas H. Benton was not only a good man, but a great man. Born in the hill country of North Carolina on March 14, 1782, he was reared on a farm. His mother was a widow but gave her son a good college education. Young Benton read and practiced law in Tennessee and served a term in the state Senate. He quarreled with Andrew Jackson, called "Old Hickory," who was a very popular man, and came to Missouri about 1816.

He published a newspaper in St. Louis for several years, called the *Enquirer*. This was the second paper west of the Mississippi River. In 1817 he fought a duel with another young lawyer, Charles Lucas, and killed him. He always regretted this and never spoke of this duel again to his closest friends.

When Missouri became a state in 1820, she elected two United States Senators. One of these was David Barton, the other Thomas H. Benton. The election of Benton to this high office is interesting.

The law-making body of Missouri, called the General Assembly, had the power of electing two United States Senators. There were fifty-two law-makers voting. It took a majority, or one more than half of these fifty-two, to elect. Barton's election was assured, but Benton had only twenty-six votes prom-

THOMAS HART
BENTON.

ised him and needed one more. A French-Missourian, named Leduc, was going to vote against Benton. Some of Barton's friends, however, finally persuaded Leduc to help Benton. The election was held Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock October 2, 1820. One of Benton's voters, Daniel Ralls, was sick in bed. Four stout negroes carried Ralls into the place where the General Assembly was voting and he voted for Benton. He died in a few hours and Ralls county was named in his honor.

When Senator Benton took his seat in the United States Senate he was soon looked upon as a great man. He was an orator and a debater. Standing six feet tall, with large head and massive body, he typified the bold, fearless spirit of Missouri and the West. His voice was rich and far-reaching. He was honest and faithful to the people. Benton went to the Senate poor, and came out poor; not a dollar passed through his hands that was not honestly earned. He woud not even have a relative of his appointed to office. He was a hard worker and in his thirty years as Senator, he never had a clerk or copyist.

To Thomas H. Benton, Missouri and the West owe more than to any other statesman. He fought for her with courage and honor in the Senate for thirty years. He stood for sound money. He opposed whipping for crimes and imprisonment for debt. He fought for cheap land for the pioneers, and had a law passed selling the public lands at one dollar and a quarter an acre. He favored the building of railroads and encouraged the first one to be built to the Pacific Coast. In a great speech

at St. Louis he pointed out the riches of the West and the great trade this nation would have someday on the Pacific Ocean. Pointing to the setting sun, he closed his speech with these words, which are today written on his statute:

"There is the East, there is India."

He debated and pled for the Oregon country when few in America realized its importance. He, among a very few men of his day, saw the great future of the West. Speaking once in Boonville, he said that some day one of the great cities of this nation would built at the mouth of the Kaw River. That city is today, Kansas City. To him his *country* meant not his state or his section, but the entire United States. He did not work to hoard money, but to give the people a better and a bigger chance to live well. He was an author and his books are still read.

In his private life he was pure and just. He loved his family, and adored his wife. Mrs. Benton was afflicted with paralysis and Senator Benton would take her in his arms like a child and carry her to the parlor to let her enjoy the society of his friends and visitors. He was master of his home, but was a kind husband and father, and a sociable companion. He often said that he was "a home lamb and a street lion." Even in the midst of pressing public duties, he continued to instruct his children and grandchildren in French and Spanish. He played the guitar and was fond of good music. Like all good Missourians he enjoyed a big dinner, but once, being worried over some debate, he sat down at the table and forgot to carve. He kept biting what he

thought was bread, until his daughter laughed and said:

"Father, that's a claret cork you are trying to eat."

He always stopped at the same hotel in his speaking campaigns over Missouri, even tho kept by one of the opposite political party. A friend once remonstrated with him for going to a hotel kept by a Whig, and he replied:

"Sir, do you think Benton takes his politics in his stomach?"

He was once invited to share a bed in a crowded hotel but refused, saying:

"Benton sleeps in the same bed with no man."

He always rose at four o'clock in the morning and took a cold bath. He was thick skinned and had a negro servant curry him down to the hips in the morning with a stiff horse-hair brush, and from the hips to the feet in the afternoon. Being asked why he used such a brush which would have injured the skin of an ordinary person, he said:

"The Roman gladiators did it , sir."

His vanity and egotism were supreme and a friend told him his enemies made fun out of it. Benton replied:

"Benton has an *Ego,* they have not."

Many stories are told to illustrate the egotism of Thomas H. Benton. Perhaps the best known is his reply to a question as to the probably sale of his great work "Thirty Years in the United States Senate." The printers asked him his view as to the number of copies they should publish of this work. Having presented the case to Senator Benton, he loftily replied:

"Sir, you can ascertain how many persons there are in the United States who can read, sir."

This was the only reply that he would make. He believed his book would be purchased by everybody who could read it.

From early manhood to old age he was "a steam-engine in breeches."

Someone asked him his age, and he said:

"In years Benton is about sixty-eight; but if Benton's country or Benton's friends want anything done, Benton is forty-five."

On the street when anyone spoke to him, instead of turning his head, he always turned his whole body at right angle. His walk was more of a strut, and he always wore the double-breasted frock coat.

In his speeches he never referred to himself as "I did this" or "I think this," but always as "*Benton* did this" or "*Benton* thinks this."

He never permitted anyone to introduce him to an audience. He usually drove or walked direct from his hotel to the place of speaking, mounted the platform and began his speech. He never began his speech like other orators with "Fellow-citizens" or "Ladies and Gentlemen" or "Friends," but always plain "Citizens."

Once while speaking in old Bloomington, Macon county, Missouri, he had difficulty in making himself heard above the strong wind that was blowing. Someone in the audience yelled:

"Louder!"

"Louder!" screamed Benton in a rage. "Are you so wanting in sense that you think Benton can throw his voice a mile against the Lord Almighty's wind?"

Although he had no personal magnetism, he was striking in appearance. One day in the woods of Central Missouri a boy ran to his mother and told her he had just seen the President of the United States. The mother went out and saw passing along the road Senator Benton seated on a big horse.

He was a reader of men and had much foresight in politics. He believed the common people wiser than most politicians. He believed in honesty in all things and told the people the truth. This is why they kept sending him to the United States Senate for thirty years. During these years he was offered many important positions. President Jackson offered to make him Minister to Russia, President Polk offered to make him Minister to France, and President Van Buren wanted him to be Secretary of War, but he refused them all.

Benton regarded himself and the people as one. He often said:

"Benton and the people, Benton and democracy, one and the same always."

He was beyond question a great man, his faults were mainly those of vanity and egotism, but his virtues and merits were many.

As a public speaker he was remarkable for his great memory of facts and his ready wit. When he hated, he hated deeply. If a man was his enemy, he gave him no mercy. You were either Benton's friend or his enemy—you could not be on the fence. This story is told on Senator Benton, which shows his bitter hatred as well as his ready wit:

In a public speech, Senator Benton attacked the *New York Tribune* and its editors, Horace Greeley and Richelieu Robinson, both of whom were his enemies.

"Horace Greeley," he said, "wears a white hat, his hair is white and his skin is white and I give it to you as my candid opinion that his liver is the same color."

Then Senator Benton turned his attention to Greeley's assistant, Richelieu Robinson.

"Robinson is an Irishman, an Orange Irishman, a red-headed Irishman, and ————," but seeing several red-headed men and women in his audience, he closed his comments thus:

"When I say that Robinson is a red-headed Irishman, I mean no disrespect to persons whose hair is of that color, I have been a close observer of men and affairs for forty years and I can on my veracity declare that I never knew a red-headed man who was not an honest man nor a red-headed woman who was not a good woman, and I give it as my candid opinion that had it not been for Robinson's red hair he would have been hanged long ago."

Upon one occasion a shrewd Yankee, while on a visit to Washington City, became somewhat reduced in his pocket-book and thought upon an odd plan to make money. He learned that in some part of Maryland there was a horse that had a most heavy coat of hair, long, shaggy and looking like wool. He bought him, brought him to Washington, and showed him under a tent within two blocks of Senator Benton's residence. Over the door of the tent was a

large sign stating: "This woolly horse was caught in a wild state on the plains by General Fremont, and is the greatest living curiosity of the age. Admittance 25 cents; children half-price." Thousands called to see the woolly horse captured by General Fremont, and the Yankee began to think that he had struck a gold mine, when out came a card from Colonel Benton denouncing it as a gross fraud. This only increased the public curosity to see the wonderful animal, and the tent was crowded from morning till night. The Senator could stand it no longer, and had the Yankee arrested and thrown into jail, and this put an end to the exhibition of the woolly horse.

Senator Benton served Missouri thirty years in the United States Senate. He died on April 12, 1858, from the effects of cancer of the stomach.

He was buried in St. Louis and forty thousand persons attended the funeral. Benton county, Missouri, was named in his honor.

Senator Benton was generally referred to as "Old Bullion." He was called this because of his fight for metal (or bullion) money, i. e., gold and silver. He was opposed to paper money because in those days so much paper money had been issued by hundreds of "wild cat" banks that it was frequently not worth anything. Benton wanted metal or bullion money which always had value. As a result of Benton's position on the question, Missouri stood for metal money and has been called the "Bullion State."

LEWIS F. LINN, 1795-1843

The Model Senator of Missouri

TO be loved by the citizens of his own state, to be claimed as a senator of two, to be regarded as the father of another, and to be mourned in death by four, is the story of the life of Dr. Lewis F. Linn, "The Model Senator of Missouri." No man in Missouri history and few in the history of other states, has been so highly regarded or held in such esteem as this remarkable physician of Ste. Genevieve. He was loved as no other public man was of his day. He was fearless and courageous. To him life meant service to his fellow men. No task was too hard, no peril too great, to daunt him. And under all conditions and at all times, he was a gentleman above reproach, courteous in manner, fair, honest and upright. He was a model man as well as a model senator.

Born near Louisville, Kentucky, on November 5, 1795, Lewis F. Linn was blessed with parents of high character. His father, Asael Linn, showed those courageous and sacrificing qualities that were later observed in his son, Lewis F. Linn.

Even more remarkable was the mother of Lewis F. Linn. Her maiden name was Ann Hunter and she came of sturdy pioneer stock. Her first marriage was to Israel Dodge and their son was Henry Dodge. Henry Dodge lived in Missouri over twenty years, his home being at Ste. Genevieve. He was an Indian fighter of renown, an army officer, and was one of

the forty-one "Fathers of the State," who framed Missouri's first constitution in 1820. He later became Governor of Wisconsin and then United States Senator from that state. Shortly after the birth of Henry Dodge, his mother was separated from Israel Dodge, and married Asael Linn. Ann Hunter thus became the mother of two United States Senators. Her grandchild, Augustus Caesar Dodge, son of Henry Dodge, also became a United States Senator from Iowa.

Lewis F. Linn lost his father while still an infant and his mother died when he was only twelve years old. His guardian and guide was his half-brother, Henry Dodge, who then lived at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. The deepest love existed between these two.

Young Linn in early manhood showed an inclination to become a doctor. He studied in Louisville, Kentucky, and Philadelphia. When the war with England in 1812 broke out, he acted as surgeon to the Missouri troops under the command of General Henry Dodge. His health which had become impaired by close study was soon restored and at the early age of twenty years he established himself as a physician in Ste. Genevieve.

His services as a doctor were in demand all over Southeast Missouri. He possessed rare medical skill and kept up with the advances made in his profession by studying the latest books published on it. He practiced with unwearied devotion and derived the greatest pleasure in bringing relief to poor suffering humanity. He served the poor and the rich with the same zeal. The widow and orphan obtained his

LEWIS F. LINN

medicine and attention, although he knew they would never be able to pay him. In his home, Doctor Linn had a large chest filled with medicines which he called "the closet for the poor." He gave from this to those unable to provide for themselves. One day, a wine merchant said to Mrs. Linn:

"Does your family use all the wine your husband buys during the sick season? I should think you would have enough to bathe in, but I believe every drop of it goes to the sick who are not able to buy it for themselves."

This was but one of the many excellent qualities of Doctor Linn. He was in demand everywhere and was frequently called to St. Louis to visit the sick. Night and day he watched over his patients and many times on returning home he was so exhausted as to require assistance. Such men are always loved. Doctor Linn was almost worshipped by the thousands whom he had served.

In those days owing to lack of proper sanitation, the entire world was sometimes swept by a plague or epidemic that carried off millions of lives. One of these scourges was the dreaded Asiatic cholera. It had spread over Europe and Doctor Linn knew it would soon reach the people of the Mississippi Valley. He at once wrote to the eminent doctors in Europe, asking them how the epidemic should be met and what precaution should be taken. Doctor Linn preferred if possible to prevent the disease instead of waiting until his people were on their death beds. As a result of this farsighted policy, when the Asiatic cholera appeared on the Atlantic coast, Doctor Linn

published a pamphlet which he sent broadcast over Missouri and Illinois. This pamphlet told the history of this disease, its effect on a person, and told how it could be arrested in its progress and how lives could be saved. Owing to these investigations and counsels, the pestilence was stopped on both sides of the Mississippi River, and the loss of life was small compared with what it would have been. For years Doctor Linn received thousands of letters thanking him for what he had done for his fellow man in this one instance. Doctor Linn not only warned his people of the cholera, but he was willing to risk his life in helping them when attacked by it.

One cold October morning in 1832 a gentleman came riding fast to the door of Doctor Linn's house and told him that a steamboat had left a stranger very ill on the bank of the river. The stranger was suffering intensly from cramps and cried for relief. No person would go near him, for all thought he was a victim of the cholera.

"Now, good Doctor Linn," said the gentleman, "if you decline doing anything for the stranger, no other person will go to aid him. It is dreadful to think of his dying on the cold, wet earth without any assistance and so many persons near him."

Without hesitation, the Doctor replied that he would see the stranger. Looking with great love on his wife and children, he said:

"My dear wife, the time is at hand when you must take the children and flee to the country to avoid this awful scourge. My duty is to remain here and do all I can for the sick."

Looking with affection on her noble and self-sacrificing husband, Mrs. Linn replied:

"The time has indeed arrived when I also must do my duty. That duty is to stay with my blessed husband and help him all in my power in watching over and nursing the sick."

Doctor Linn fondly embraced his wife, saying:

"Such words are worthy of you, my beloved wife, and I should have expected them from you. Now let us make haste to do something for the suffering stranger whom God has entrusted to our keeping."

In vain were all their efforts to get any person to bring the sick man to their house. The inhabitants of Ste. Genevieve were seized with a panic. They could not think of Doctor Linn going near the diseased person or that he should be brought to town. The Doctor, finding all his servants had left on hearing his intention, requested one of his students to help bear the patient in a blanket to his home. While they went to the river's bank, Mrs. Linn prepared a room for the stricken stranger. but she was interrupted by a number of persons who surrounded the house and begged her not to let her husband bear the sick man into their midst. She saw the people were wild with excitement and feared they might hurt Doctor Linn and his kind hearted student. Her fears were increased when she saw one of her own friends with a torch in his hand and heard him exclaim:

"Mrs. Linn, let me see the Doctor turn the corner of that street and I will apply the torch to this office and burn it to its foundation."

Another called out:

"Let us tear down the house and save the community from the pestilence."

In vain Mrs. Linn attempted to reason with the crowd but it was useless. While talking with them, a colored boy informed her that Doctor Linn and the student were approaching, bearing the sick man. This struck the crowd with panic, which as if by magic scattered in every direction stricken with terror. When the Doctor arrived no one remained to prevent his entrance into his home.

The sick stranger, whose name was Mr. Hamlin, received all the attention that could be given him, but the disease had gone too far, and death ended his suffering. The cholera soon broke out in Ste. Genevieve but owing to the tireless efforts of Dr. Linn, it was soon under control. The good people of the town never censured Doctor Linn for helping the dying stranger, because they knew he was risking his own life and those of his family more than the lives of others. They soon realized the kind deed he had performed when they had feared to do this themselves.

Doctor Linn was frequently urged by friends to become a candidate for Congress. His popularity would have made certain his election. He refused, however, saying that he had no political aspirations. Only once was he persuaded to serve one session in the Legislature of Missouri, and this for the purpose of passing a law beneficial to the southern part of the State.

In 1833 at the early age of only thirty-eight years, his reputation as a physician had become so great

and the demands on his time were so constant that his health became impaired. His friends were alarmed and induced him to accept an appointment tendered him by President Jackson to act as one of the three commissioners appointed to settle the old French land claims in Missouri. The change of work was beneficial to Doctor Linn, whose health was soon restored. In his work as land commissioner, he gave satisfaction to all parties. In the same year he moved to St. Louis to better attend to his duties, and a month later the cholera again broke out in that city. Doctor Linn at once devoted himself night and day to helping the sick. His friends in Ste. Genevieve were also stricken and begged him to return to them. They declared "that if mortal man could save them from the cholera, Doctor Linn could." Concealing from his family the cause of his departure, the Doctor left for Ste. Genevieve. On his arrival one of them said:

"The very sight of Doctor Linn inspired hope and confidence and they felt he was like an angel of mercy come to restore health and happiness to them, thru the blessing of God."

Taking little rest for twelve days and nights, the Doctor attended constantly to the sick and dying. At length he was seized with the scourge himself. Believing he would die, he sent for his wife. With great haste Mrs. Linn set out for Ste. Genevieve. The rains had made streams and rivers almost impassible and Mrs. Linn had great difficulty in her journey. Coming to the crossing of the Mississippi River, the ferryman refused to help her because the

night was so dark and the river so rough. In her distress she exclaimed:

"Is there no one here who for the love of the Blessed Virgin will assist me across the river to my dying husband?"

Immediately a young girl arose from the bedside of one of the dying persons, and said:

"Mrs. Linn, I will take you over if you will go in a skiff."

Her father, the ferryman, objected. The young girl turned to her father and said:

"My father, do you not remember all that good Doctor Linn did for us when my mother died, and the great trouble he underwent when my brother, James, was so long sick, and that he never charged us for what he did? I cannot refuse to take his wife to him when he may be dying."

"Go, Margaret," said her father, "and may the saints protect you."

Mrs. Linn reached the bedside of her husband, who treated himself with turpentine bandages after other doctors had given him up. He recovered from his sickness and lived to serve his state and nation for ten years.

The day before Doctor Linn was taken ill, Col. Alexander Buckner, one of Missouri's United States Senators, and his wife died of the cholera. Immediately many petitions from all South Missouri were sent to Governor Dunklin, urging him to appoint Doctor Linn to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Colonel Buckner. A large number of Whigs signed these petitions, even tho Doctor Linn

was a Democrat. Before he had regained his health, Doctor Linn received notice of his appointment to the United States Senate. When the Missouri Legislature met in 1834, Doctor Linn was unanimously elected to this office, was re-elected in 1836, and again in 1843.

The election of Doctor Linn to the United States Senate greatly pleased him. It came unsolicited and as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by Missourians. He was the first and only man Missouri has sent to the United States Senate who had never been a politician, lawyer, or a soldier. Political foresight he had, however, to a marked degree. As early as 1823, when only twenty-eight years old, he had predicted the election of General Andrew Jackson as President of the United States. His political friends laughed at him and Judge Pope of Illinois remarked:

"You never will be able to find seven votes in Missouri or Illinois that would sustain General Jackson for that high office."

Doctor Linn replied that he would be willing to pledge his life that before ten years had passed, no political man in Missouri or Illinois would be supported by the people who was not in favor of General Jackson for the presidency. In five years from that time, the Doctor's prediction was verified.

As a statesman, Lewis F. Linn, attained even higher rank and performed even greater service to his state and nation than he had as a doctor. During the first few years in the United States Senate he rarely made a speech, but devoted his attentions to

the private land claims of Missourians. In this he was successful, for of the many bills he presented he never lost one. He possessed the respect and esteem of every member of the Senate of both political parties. He was resolute, courageous, and studious. A decided party man, he afterwards engaged largely in the debates in the Senate, but his kindness and courtesy toward all turned aside any feeling of ill-will. He had political opponents in the Senate, but not an enemy. Senator W. C. Preston, of South Carolina, once said of him:

"Doctor Linn is the only Democrat I should be distressed to hear had become a candidate for the presidency; for, good Whig as I am, I could not bring myself to vote against such a noble patriot as I know him to be, and one who loves his country with a zeal rarely equalled and never surpassed."

Senator Linn was equally well loved by his other political opponents. The great Whig Senator from Kentucky, Henry Clay, once wrote to Mrs. Linn:

"The greatest boon you can ask from Heaven, my dear madam, is that your son may resemble his father, who commands the admiration and gains the love of all that know him."

If such were the sentiments of Doctor Linn's political opponents during exciting debates in the Senate, what may be imagined were the feelings of his own political friends? He felt, with all the sensibility of his noble nature, the kindness with which they had treated him. His great love for Missouri had made him ask much for his state, but not a Senator felt inclined to vote against him on such measures.

So fortunate was Doctor Linn in passing bills for the benefit of Missouri, that one day when in his usual happy manner he was presenting a number of bills to the Senate, his friend, Senator Buchanan, remarked jestingly, "that it would save much time to the Senate, and a great trouble to the Doctor in reading these bills, to put them in a pile, and say, 'These bills are Doctor Linn's for the benefit of Missouri,' and thus let them pass as they are sure to do." This suggestion was in the same spirit of pleasantly seconded by Mr. Clay and the bills were passed.

Besides taking care of private interests of Missourians in Congress, Doctor Linn took equal pains that Missourians at home should be informed on what Congress was doing. In those days Misouri had few newspapers and congressional news was hard to get. Doctor Linn tried to remedy this by having the sheriff of each county in Missouri copy the list of names on the poll-tax books. Doctor Linn arranged these names in a large book so he could send all the citizens of Missouri some papers and news during the sessions of Congress.

Doctor Linn also took pains to inform the rest of the nation regarding the resources of Missouri. The great Iron Mountain of Missouri was at that time laughed at in the East and was regarded as a fable. The Doctor accordingly had a lump of iron, weighing two tons, taken from the mountain and sent to Paris, France. In Paris the iron was carefully examined by men of science, who reported that it was of superior quality. This report was published

over the United States and was a service to Missouri. The Doctor also took to Pittsburg, Pa., a sample of the pure white sand found in great quantities near Ste. Genevieve, to be tried in the glass works there. This sand was found to make the most beautiful glass and for years was used exclusively in the great manufactures of glass along the Ohio River.

The different mines of metals in the southern part of Missouri had long interested Doctor Linn and he greatly desired to see them worked to better advantages. He accordingly made a trip to Europe to study the mines there. What he learned, he told to his fellow Missourians. So, while serving as Missouri's United States Senator, he also served her in other equally valuable ways.

Not as the successful author of private bills, or as a developer of Missouri's resources, however, is Doctor Lewis F. Linn best known in Missouri history. His greatest service to his state was the Platte Purchase in 1836.

When Missouri became a state in 1820, her boundaries were the same as today except on the northwest. Instead of following the Missouri River in its northwestward course, the boundary line continued northward in a straight line from the mouth of the Kaw or Kansas River. The present counties of Platte, Buchanan, Andrew, Holt, Atchison and Nodaway, were not included in Missouri. This triangular tract of land, containing three thousand square miles or about two million acres, was at that time occupied by Indians. There were three great tribes, the Saukees or Sacs, the Foxes, and the Pottawatomies. The

land was rich and the white settlers across the line in Missouri wanted it. Contrary to law, some of these settlers crossed over, and frequently fights with the Indians resulted. The Missouri Legislature in 1831 petitioned Congress to make a more definite boundary line there but no action was taken until Doctor Linn became interested. He was the author of the bill providing for the acquisition of this land, called the Platte Country, by Missouri. The great Missouri Senator, Thomas H. Benton, introduced the bill in Congress in 1836 and it became a law. Senator Benton said however, that the Platte Purchase bill would never have passed had it not been for Lewis F. Linn.

By the Platte Purchase bill, the Platte Country was added to Misouri, the Indians' title was paid for by the United States Government, and the Indians were moved westward. The Platte Purchase rounded out Missouri's boundaries. To Lewis F. Linn is the honor of being its author and its successful advocate. Missourians can never pay too much honor to the man who performed this service to his state.

Greater than this service to his state, however, was the work of Doctor Linn in his bill for the settlement and occupation of Oregon Territory. His efforts for this measure carried it thru the Senate when even Senator Benton admitted that he, Benton, would have failed. This monumental piece of statesmanship in its results gave to the United States the vast Oregon Country, which today forms the states of Idaho, Oregon and Washington. If this bill of Doctor Linn's had failed, these states would today

probably be part of Canada. No wonder that Senator Linn was hailed as the "Father of Oregon."

While serving Missouri, Senator Linn was interested in all the nation and especially the West. He did so much for Iowa Territory, that Iowa called him her Senator. He advocated military posts on the frontier against the Indians, the establishing of post-roads, the draining of swamps, and other progressive work. He was a patriot who loved to see his country advance. He was not provincial, absorbed alone in the interests of Missouri, but a broad-minded statesman whose eyes saw the entire nation as well.

As he served in the Senate, he grew mentally. His views and opinions broadened. His eloquence as a speaker matured. He had a natural gift for speaking, which he improved with practice. Some said that his later speeches were inspired. His influence in the Senate was remarkable and became stronger each session. How unfortunate to his country that after serving her only ten years when just reaching the maturity of his powers at the age of forty-eight years, this great man should suddenly be called away. With little previous illness, Senator Lewis F. Linn, "The Model Senator of Misouri," died at his home in Ste. Genevieve on October 3, 1843. Public meetings were held over Missouri, eulogies on the deceased were delivered, and resolutions of sympathy for Mrs. Linn and her family were adopted. The United States Senate and the House of Representatives adopted similar resolutions. In the former body, Senator Thomas H. Benton in a speech full of feeling and conviction said in part: "He was my friend, but I speak not the language of friendship when I speak

his praise . . . A sagacious head and a feeling heart were the great characteristics of Doctor Linn. . . . Brilliant as were the qualities of his head the qualities of his heart still eclipsed them. . . . What a heart had Lewis Linn! The kindest, the gentlest, the most feeling, and the most generous that ever beat in the bosom of a bearded man! And yet, when the occasion required it, the bravest and the most daring also. . . . Who amongst us all, even after the fiercest debate, ever met him without meeting the benignant smile and the kind salutation? . . He had kindness and sympathy for every human being. . . . Here is a man in whose hands I could deposit my life, liberty, fortune, honor."

The Legislature of Iowa and of Wisconsin paid official tribute to the life and services this remarkable man, and men in public life over the nation sent messages of condolence to the bereaved family.

A beautiful marble monument was erected over his grave by the Legislature of Missouri on which were carved these words.

Here rests the Remains
of
LEWIS F. LINN
The Model Senator
of
Missouri

During his own lifetime, however. Senator Linn had been honored by the Legislature of Missouri in Linn county being named in his honor. The States of Iowa, Kansas and Oregon later honored his memory in establishing a Linn county in each. Truly a great man, a gentleman, a model man and senator was Lewis Fields Linn.

DAVID R. ATCHISON, 1807-1886

United States Senator from Missouri, 1843-1855

UPON the death of Lewis F. Linn, Governor Thomas Reynolds against the advice of friends appointed David R. Atchison to the United States Senate. Governor Reynolds was severely criticized for this selection. Missouri's historian, William F. Switzler, thus tells the sad story:

"The Governor appointed Atchison, which was unexpected and opposed by many of the Governor's political friends. In fact, it was roundly denounced, and the Governor was severely criticized for making it. Altho a man of large experience in official life and of recognized ability, Governor Reynolds was acutely sensitive to public criticism, and therefore possessed the weakness of being rendered very unhappy by it. It was the cankering plague spot of his existence. When, therefore, he committed suicide by a rifle shot in his office on February 9, 1844, many supposed that the chief, if not the only cause of the sad catastrophe, was the abuse he had received, principally on account of the appointment of Atchison. The Thirteenth General Assembly met on November 18, 1844, Claiborne F. Jackson, Speaker; M. M. Marmaduke, Acting Governor. On the next day the two houses met in joint session to elect a United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. L. F. Linn and also a Senator to succeed Thomas H. Benton, whose term expired March 4, 1845. All objections to the contrary, At-

chison was elected for four years, the remainder of Doctor Linn's term."

The criticism of Governor Reynolds' appointment was political. No one charged David R. Atchison of being unqualified for the high office of United States Senator. At the time of his appointment he was circuit judge and for years had established a high reputation as a lawyer. He had served two terms in the Missouri Legislature and was well known over all Western Missouri. A man of education, great force of character and of public spirit, was David R. Atchison, and eminently fitted to represent Missouri in Congress. He was in the United States Senate for twelve years.

Born in Kentucky on August 11, 1807, David R. Atchison was reared in a family of wealth and culture. His father was a large land owner and a farmer. David R. received a good education and in 1825 graduated with high honors from Transylvania University. He then applied himself to the study of the law and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two years. In 1830 he came to Missouri and settled at Liberty, where he soon established a large and profitable law practice. At that time there was only one other lawyer in Liberty, Judge William T. Wood.

Atchison was appointed Major General of the Northern Division of the Missouri State Militia shortly after this. He was also elected to represent Clay county two terms in the Missouri Legislature.

In 1841 he moved to Platte City, having been appointed circuit judge there, and made many friends in his new home. He had held this office only two years when he was appointed to the United States

Senate and his appointment was confirmed by election by the next Missouri Legislature. He served two terms, the last expiring on March 4, 1855. Two years after this, he moved to Clinton county and established his residence in a large brick mansion in the midst of a magnificent farm of seventeen hundred acres, a mile and a half from Gower.

His beautiful home was destroyed by fire in 1870 and with it his extensive library and records. After the close of the Civil War, he lived a life of seclusion on his farm. He never married.

The career of David R. Atchison in the United States Senate was not spectacular. He was not a great man but he was a man of strong convictions. He predicted the Civil War years before it opened. He saw the inevitable conflict coming. A strong Calhoun Democrat, he favored the Slave States in their contention for States' rights. Until 1848, Senator Atchison worked in harmony with his colleague, Senator Thomas H. Benton. In 1849 he helped elect Mr. Calhoun, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, and he and Benton became bitter enemies. In 1850 he led the Democrats and Whigs opposed to Benton, and brought about the defeat of "Old Bullion."

While in the United States Senate, Atchison was for a large part of his two terms its presiding officer. It was while serving as President *pro tem.* of the Senate that he became acting President of the United States for one day——the only Missourian to hold this office. It happened this way: President Polk's term expired on March 3, 1849, and as the next day was Sunday, the inaugeration of the new President

was postponed until Monday, March 5th. Thus by virtue of his office as President of the Senate, Mr. Atchison became the acting President of the United States.

When Senator Atchison entered the United States Senate in 1843, his position was a difficult one. He not only was succeeding the beloved and gifted Linn, but was becoming the colleague of the great Thomas H. Benton, who had been Missouri's Senator for nearly a quarter of a century. Moreover, Senator Atchison was not an eloquent orator but spoke his thoughts direct and without high, rounded sentences. He was honest and sincere, plain and frank. He never achieved the prominence nor the influence attained by Benton, but he was highly regarded by friend and foe.

He was "a man of imposing presence, six feet two inches high, and straight as an arrow, florid complexion, and would weigh about two hundred pounds." He was a fine conversationalist and possessed an excellent memory. As a citizen he was plain, jovial and simple in his dress and language. He was not an aristocrat in spite of his great wealth, but lived the life of a democrat by nature and education. He regarded himself as one of the people and was always near to them. To the poor he dispensed food and clothing; to his friends, favors; and toward all, he was a gentleman.

After his retirement from the United States Senate, Senator Atchison was active in the Kansas-Missouri border troubles. He was regarded as the pro-slavery leader in these affairs and several times

led forces on Kansas soil. During the Civil War he served with the Missouri troops in the Southern cause and was present at several battles. He died at his home in Clinton county on January 26, 1886, lamented by all who knew him.

During his own life Atchison county, Missouri, was named in his honor, as was also the city of Atchison, Kansas.

Senator David R. Atchison was a simple, plain man, who, altho not great, occupied a remarkably influential position as United States Senator and as one of the leaders of the pro-slavery forces in Missouri before the Civil War. He was a fair and just man. Even in his speeches to the people against Thomas H. Benton, he always referred to his enemy as "your most distinguished Senator." This courtesy was more than "the distinguished Senator" would probably have shown toward David R. Atchison. He never degenerated to personal abuse in his speeches and was always cool and fair. As a private citizen he was honest, upright and public spirited; as a statesman, he wielded influence without stooping to petty trickery, and openly stood by and acted on his convictions; and as a man, David R. Atchison was just, courteous, hospitable, and above suspicion.

JAMES S. GREEN, 1817-1870

United States Senator from Missouri, 1857-1861

AMONG the able public men of Missouri during the middle of the nineteenth century, no one enjoyed a higher reputation for ability than James S. Green. Today almost forgotten except to the older generation, this man in 1850-1860 was easily one of the foremost statesmen in Missouri and was her greatest orator and debater. He was one of the few men in the nation who, like Abraham Lincoln, could successfully debate with Senator Stephen A. Douglass, the "Little Giant" from Illinois. He was a natural leader of men, a polished speaker and a great lawyer, and he owed all his success to his own efforts and industry.

Born in Virginia on February 28, 1817, he received little education except in the three "Rs." Coming to Missouri in 1838 he worked on a farm in Lewis county. Altho not a college man, he soon had an education that was broad and deep, and which fitted him for a legal and political career. He was his own teacher and it was his custom to have a book in his hand when not working. What he read, he told to others and in the telling learned much himself, "for the best way to learn is by teaching others." He also loved to mix with all sorts of persons, poor and rich, educated and ignorant, and in this way received many ideas. Even as a boy he had a fondness for discussion and he soon became a skilled debater and orator.

JAMES S. GREEN

After studying law several years he was admitted to the bar at Monticello, Missouri, in 1840, at the youthful age of twenty-three years. One of his first cases was before Judge Arphazed Musgrove, a justice of the peace in Clark county. Years later Justice Musgrove told this story about Green's first case:

"I didn't know him. He (Green) said he was a lawyer. I sized him up for a chap who might have a license to practice law, but who could never land a case in his favor. But he did land to beat anything I ever saw. He talked to beat the band. He didn't look very good to me when he started, but as he got along he began to look better. Before he was thru I thought he was *fine* looking. I decided the case in his favor and said: 'Young man, stick to law. It's your right business.'"

Mr. Green was tall and impressive in appearance, and very courteous in conversation. He was quick-witted, a good story-teller and highly gifted in repartee. His brightness was noticed in Missouri from the time he came to the state. "Some of his early 'smart' sayings were made when he was working on a farm, others when he was with his brother, Martin, running a threshing-machine in Lewis county and operating a saw and grist mill on the Wyaconda river, and others when he was clerking in a grocery store at Monticello."

He was a States' rights Democrat and disliked the great United States Senator from Missouri, Thomas H. Benton. In 1845, Green was elected a delegate to the state constitutional convention of 1845 and

in 1846 was elected a Representative to Congress. In both bodies he was soon recognized as a young man of ability. In those days, as in these, it was the custom for a new member of Congress to keep himself in the background and say little or nothing for his first year or two. Such a custom, however, could not bind James S. Green. He was efficient, a sound lawyer, and a polished speaker. He loved to debate but never took the floor until he had prepared well his subject.

In Congress, Green served four years, two terms, and delivered many speeches of worth. In 1850 he was defeated for re-election owing to his speaking tour of Missouri in 1849, in which he denounced Thomas H. Benton. He succeeded in defeating the great Benton, but made many enemies who deeply loved "Old Bullion."

The great statesman, James G. Blaine wrote of this as follows:

"Green had done more than any other man in Missouri to break down the power of Thomas H. Benton as a leader of the Democracy. His arraignment of Benton before the people of Missouri in 1849, when he was but thirty-two years of age, was one of the most aggressive and successful warfares in our political annals."

Green was again defeated for congress in 1852, and in 1853 was apopinted charge d' affairs to Columbia, South America. He soon tired of this office, and returned to Missouri the following year. In 1856 he was elected to Congress but before he could serve, he was elected United States Senator from Missouri,

January 12, 1857, to fill an unexpired term of four years.

Senator Green at once became one of the great leaders in the United States Senate. No one could surpass him as a reasoner or excell him as an orator, and few equal him. Even the great Illinois statesman, Stephen A. Douglass, feared him. He was a leader of the Southern Democrats and was chairman of one of the most important committees. He attracted the attention of the newspapers of the United States and the following clipping gives some idea of the high regard in which he was held:

"Senator Green is regarded as one of the master spirits of the Senate, and on this occasion (a debate) gave evidence that his mind is capable of great intellectual efforts. We congratulate Missouri and the country upon this clean exposition of the fallacious arguments of the 'Little Giant,' who is now in concert with the men whom he twelve months ago denounced as traitors and disunionists.

. . . He fairly reviewed the argument of Judge Douglass . . . he pointed out the fallacy, and so strong were the positions that they could not be controverted. The Senator from Illinois was surrounded by a wall of fire from which there was no escape. He floundered, begged the question, raised a new issue and finally tried to lead Green astray by bald assertions and oratorical displays. But it was of no avail. Green had the vantage ground—he felt it and would not let the Judge escape. . . The running fire between them was exceedingly interesting and exciting and it was easy to be seen that Mr.

Douglass felt that he had a 'foeman worthy of his steel.' "

One of America's greatest statesmen wrote this regarding Senator James S. Green:

"None of his contemporaries had made so profound an impression in so short a time. He was a very strong debater. He had peers but no masters in the Senate."

During his four years service in the United States Senate, Green by his remarkable success in that body naturally gained the high esteem and love of his fellow citizens in Missouri. They felt that a worthy successor had stepped in the place made vacant by the able Benton. When he returned home after a session in Congress, Senator Green was congratulated on all sides. Neighbors and people from the surrounding country poured into his home in Canton. Here it was that Green was at his best, in his response from the porch of his residence with his wife and children at his side. His career in the Senate was thrilling and considering its shortness of only four years, was remarkable. In almost every contest he held his own against the most veteran statesman in the nation. But he never entered into a discussion without first making himself master of the subject.

In all of his debates Senator Green was noted for his thoroness. Apparently on every position he took, he got at its fundamental basis. His familiarity with the law, combined with ease of delivery and quickness at reply, made him an adversary to be feared by even the ablest.

Unfortunately for his political career Senator Green espoused the cause of the South and entered the

Southern army shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War. He achieved no success worthy of note and when the war ended, settled in St. Louis. His health gradually gave way and he died on January 9, 1870. He was buried in Canton.

In St. Louis, Senator Green had a large practice and was regarded as a remarkable lawyer. One of the ablest lawyers in St. Louis, Samuel T. Glover, once said that in a certain lawsuit, Senator Green made one of the finest, legal arguments he had ever heard.

In presenting the case to the court and jury, Senator Green had neither notes nor books in front of him. He cited references and gave the volume and page and quoted constitutional provisions by article and section. He was clear and logical and his argument convincing. Combined with these qualities of worth, Senator Green had a personal magnetism that made him an orator with scarcely a peer. A former Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, Robert A. Campbell, once said that he had never before or since listened to such a fine voice and such thrilling eloquence as Green possessed. He was Missouri's greatest pro-slavery champion. Considering his short career and his limited advantages, Senator James S. Green, also stands out as one of Missouri's remarkable statesmen and orators.

JAMES S. ROLLINS, 1812-1888

Father of the University of Missouri

MISSOURI has produced few men who stand higher in history today as a public man without having held a position greater than a seat in the lower house of Congress, than James S. Rollins. Not only as a statesman but as a benefactor of all public enterprises and especially as a patron of education, was Major Rollins known over the state. Perhaps his fame rests more on his public ability as an orator and statesman. His name will be remembered as long as Missouri's public school system exists for he was called the "Father of the University of Missouri."

Born at Richmond, Ky., April 19, 1812, James Sidney Rollins was descended from ancestors of Scotch-Irish and English blood. His father was a doctor and was a self-made man. He gave his son an excellent education at one academy, a college and two universities. At one of the latter he was valedictorian of his class. He prepared himself for the law and began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-two years.

His father having removed to Boone county, Missouri, James Sidney followed. He read law in the office of Judge Abiel Leonard, of Fayette, an eminent lawyer of his day, who later became a member of the Supreme Court of Missouri. Soon after his arrival in Missouri young Rollins took charge of a farm. In 1832 he volunteered as a soldier in the Black Hawk Indian War and rose to the rank of major.

Major Rollins built up a large law business but he disliked the confinement of office work. In 1836 he purchased a newspaper and established the *Columbia Patriot*. He was a Whig in politics and favored internal improvements. At the youthful age of twenty-four he was elected a delegate to the first railroad convention held west of the Mississippi River, at St. Louis. He was chairman of the committee that asked Congress to aid the construction of railroads with grants of land. This kind of request was later frequently made and finally resulted in the United States Government giving many millions of acres of land to help build railroads over the nation.

From this year, 1836, Major Rollins devoted his energies to a number of activities instead of concentrating on the law. He became a man of affairs, a public man, statesman, politician, orator, builder of industries and patron of education.

In 1838 he was elected to the Missouri Legislature and spoke in favor of the bill establishing the University of Missouri. This bill passed on February 8, 1839, and marks the actual beginning of this great school. Missouri's first constitution of 1820 provided for the establishing of a State University, but as the years went by nothing was done. As a State University is part of the public school system, it seems strange that nearly two decades passed before such an institution was established, but people were different in those days. In fact many persons at that time did not favor free, public education. Private schools and academies were established and the well-to-do sent their children to these, paying tuition.

JAMES S. ROLLINS

Of course, the poor people could not do this since money was scarce. Many of the wealthy citizens did not want public schools since these would have to be supported by taxation. So it is easily seen why some of the leading people of the State opposed the establishment of a State University.

Major Rollins was not, however, one of these. Altho his father was in good circumstances, both father and son were willing to pay taxes so that all the children of Missouri could obtain an education. The law providing for the University was finally passed and provided that it should be located in one of these six counties—Cole, Cooper, Boone, Howard, Callaway or Saline.

Each county at once tried to raise the largest amount of money in order to get the University located in it. Public meetings were held in churches, at cross roads and hotels. Boone county won with a total of $117,000. This large amount of money is remarkable since Boone county at that time had only 13,300 persons—an average of $9 for each man, woman and child. Some men gave more than they were worth and borrowed the money. Major Rollins, although a young lawyer, gave $2,000 and his father $1,500.

The corner stone of the main building of the University of Missouri, was laid July 4, 1840, and was formally dedicated and opened on July 4, 1843. During these three years, however, classes had been instructed and several young men graduated. The first president of the University was Prof. John H. Lathrop.

Major Rollins was again elected to the Missouri Legislature in 1840 and to the state Senate in 1846. He was now one of the leaders of the Whig party in Missouri, but since his party was in the minority in this state, Major Rollins was defeated for Governor in 1848 and again in 1857.

In 1854 he was elected to the Missouri Legislature and in 1860 was elected Congressman from Missouri, serving four years.

While in Congress he was a strong Unionist and a supporter of President Lincoln. He introduced a bill for building a transcontinental railroad from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast, and secured the passage of a law providing for state agricultural colleges through donations of public lands. Under this last law the Missouri State Agricultural College was established at Columbia, and is now a part of the University of Missouri.

In 1864 Major Rollins declined a third term in Congress, in order to attend to his private business, but in 1866 was again in the Missouri Legislature. While serving in the latter body he devoted himself toward aiding the public school system of Missouri and securing state appropriation for the University of Missouri. Being elected to the State Senate in 1868, he continued to labor for the public good and did much to establish the State Normal Schools at Kirksville and Warrensburg, provide aid for Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, and establish the Fulton State Hospital, so besides the University of Missouri he aided in the founding of five state institutions.

Not only in advocating laws founding and building up the University of Missouri, but also for his unselfish private acts, was Major James S. Rollins in May, 1872, formally called the "Father of the University of Missouri." That he had won rare and great honor, all agreed.

On January 9, 1888, Major Rollins died at his home, lamented by the citizens of Columbia and Missouri. His life was one of helpfulness. "It is what we do for others—not ourselves—that lives after us." So it was with Major Rollins. For half a century he was a public man. He labored for others, worked for the public good, and led the ideal life of a sincere and noble minded citizen. He helped the poor and the needy, labored for better schools and churches, and was beloved by all.

He was tall in stature, lithe in form and courteous and pleasing in address. He was cultured and highly educated. As an orator he was convincing and eloquent, his voice was musical and his gestures graceful. His love for his country and her welfare was his passion. He was a statesman. In all relations he was a model Christian gentleman.

EDWARD BATES, 1793-1869

Missouri's and the West's First Cabinet Officer

NEARLY a century ago a young lawyer sat in his office in the little town of St. Louis. Business was not rushing, and the young lawyer was studying a law book. He was a small man, had bright eyes and was dressed in the queer clothes of that day—ruffles, blue broadcloth coat and gilt buttons. Altho not yet thirty years old, this young man was a leading lawyer and usually won his cases in court. He was a hard student, was kind and sociable, and a great orator. When he addressed a jury in the court room, he could make them laugh or weep with his stories and pleadings. He was popular, loved by boys and girls, and was greatly liked by nearly everybody who knew him. When anyone had a big lawsuit he usually wanted to employ this brilliant young man.

As this young lawyer was reading this morning in his office, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in, sir," called the lawyer.

"Mr. Bates, I want to employ you to start a lawsuit against Mrs. B.——— She has one hundred and sixty acres of land that belongs to me and I want it. I've got enough papers and legal proof to win, and I want you to take the case," said the visitor.

"Who is this Mrs. B———?" inquired the lawyer.

"Oh! she's the widow of old Captain B——— who was killed by the Indians in the war of 1812," answered the man.

"How did she get these one hundred and sixty acres, Mr. S———?"

"Why, the government gave them to her as a bounty for what old Captain B——— did fighting the Indians."

"Well, what is wrong with her title to the land?" questioned young Bates.

"You see, Mr. Bates, the old lady didn't know the law very well and so she didn't do all the things she should have done to make her title clear. I found out the things she failed to do and bought some claims to her ground pretty cheap, and I think I can oust her off these one hundred and sixty acres," answered Mr. S———.

The young lawyer's eyes flashed fire but he calmly looked his visitor in the face and said:

"Mr. S———, I do not want to take your case. You will have to employ another lawyer."

"But, Mr. Bates, I'll pay you mighty well for your services. Just name your fee and I'll pay it."

Mr. Bates arose and walking over to his visitor with every muscle set, pointed to the door and said:

"There's the door, Mr. S———. I wouldn't take your case to rob that poor widow of her home if you gave me all the gold of the Indies."

The next week a poorly clad woman knocked at the same door and was told to enter. She wore the homespun clothes of the hard working pioneer and by her side were two children, a boy and a girl. She was nervous and almost crying.

The young lawyer arose from his desk, bowed and held out his hand. After the woman had sat down, the lawyer asked what he could do for her.

"You're Mr. Bates, aren't you?" inquired the woman.

"Yes, madam," replied the young man.

"They all say you're a smart man and a mighty good one. I'm only a poor woman but I'm in a lot of trouble and seems like nobody will help me because I haven't money," and the poor woman began to cry and put her arms around her children.

"What seems to be wrong, madam? Maybe I can help you a little," asked Mr. Bates.

"There's a lawsuit been brought against me to take all I've got away from me. I've seen several lawyers and they all say I'll lose and none of them would take my part unless I paid them more money than I have. And, Mr. Bates, I havn't much besides a little ground except a cow, an old horse and cart, and a few chickens, but if you'll help me, you can have all of them."

"Madam, I know nothing of your case, whether you are in the right or wrong, not even your name."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that my name is Mrs. B———, widow of Captain B———," and the woman again burst into tears.

Hastily taking his handkerchief from his pockets and wiping his eyes, Mr. Bates walked over to the widow, and taking her hand said softly:

"Mrs. B———, it will be a great pleasure for me to take your case and my fee is only the happiness I shall get in helping you. Don't worry about this suit."

And Mrs. B——— didn't worry, for the judge of the court decided in favor of the young lawyer.

This was Edward Bates, one of the greatest and best public men Missouri has ever had.

EDWARD BATES

Born in Virginia, on September 4, 1793, of Quaker parents, Edward Bates was reared in a large family. He was educated at home and later attended an academy.

When twenty-one years of age, he came to Missouri where his brother Frederick, was secretary to Governor Clark. Edward studied law under the great lawyer, Rufus Easton, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. Altho young he was held in high regard by other lawyers. In 1820 Missourians elected forty-one delegates to frame the first constitution of the state. These men were called "The Fathers of Missouri" and Edward Bates was one of them. He was one of the main authors of Missouri's first constitution, altho one of the youngest delegates, being only twenty-six years old.

He held many public offices and high positions, and did his duty well in all. He was Missouri's first Attorney-General, and was later elected to the General Assembly and also served in Congress.

President Filmore appointed him Secretary of War of the United States, but he refused this great office. Later in 1861 he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States in President Lincoln's cabinet—the first man west of the Mississippi River to hold a cabinet position.

Edward Bates was a great lawyer, a brilliant orator, a good citizen, a loving and faithful husband and father, and a Christian gentleman. He lived part of his life on a farm in St. Charles county and practiced law at the same time. He often joked about his experience as a farmer and once said: "It took all the money Lawyer Bates could make to support Farmer Bates."

He had winning ways, a big heart, was gentle and loved by all. He was no ordinary man but a truly great one. He never used any public office he held to make money out of it on the side.

He was a natural orator and gifted with all the graces of a speaker. He had a sweet, musical voice and was never at loss for words. Always polite and sociable, he would salute you with a pleasant word if he met you even a dozen times during the day. Altho a hard student and a very learned man, he enjoyed a joke. This story is told on him, which shows he had much of the boy in him.

In early times Mr. Bates and Elijah Bettis, of Wayne county, were members of the same Legislature. Mr. Bates stood first on the roll, and Bettis next. They differed in politics, and a further difference was that Bates was full of mischief, and Bettis knew as little how to vote as any member in the Legislature. This annoyed Bettis, and he was advised whenever a political question was up, to watch Bates and vote just the opposite way. This came to Bates' ear so he often voted wrong on purpose, and was followed by Bettis, who made it a point to be "agin Bates." Then, when the call of the roll was through, Bates would rise and obtain leave to change his vote and Bettis in turn would ask leave to change his. Bettis was asked to explain why he changed his vote and he answered that his "id-e-e was so he voted *agin* Bates it was *sartin* to be *Dimocratical.*"

At the age of seventy-five years, after a long illness, Edward Bates died in St. Louis, in March, 1869. He was one of the most distinguished and refined men who has honored the State of Missouri.

He was perhaps more universally beloved than any other man of his day in Missouri.

His brother, Frederick Bates, after whom Bates county was named, died in 1825, being the second Governor of the State of Missouri. The Bates family was a remarkable one. It produced many great men who held high positions in Missouri.

FRANK P. BLAIR, 1821-1875

Statesman, Soldier and Leader of Men

IN Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C., each state is represented by statutes of her two greatest citizens. It would seem to be a difficult matter to select two men out of the many men Missouri has produced and honor these two above others. Few states have been so favored by truly great men as Missouri. This book on "Missouri's Hall of Fame" shows how high her leaders stand. But when Missouri was asked to place two statutes in Washington, D. C., there was no delay in making the selection. All Missouri approved. Both men had been dead for years, but their greatness had grown as the years passed. Both men had done all in their power for their state and country. Both men were known over the nation. One was Thomas Hart Benton—the greatest statesman of the West; and the other was Frank P. Blair—statesman, soldier, and leader of men.

Francis Preston Blair, or Frank P. Blair, as he was usually called, was born in Kentucky on February 9, 1821. His parents were well educated and were related to the best families of Virginia and Kentucky.

The father of Frank P. Blair was a writer of ability. He was editor of one of President Andrew Jackson's newspapers in Washington, and was a devoted friend of "Old Hickory." He was also a close friend of Senator Benton, and later of President Abraham Lincoln.

FRANK P. BLAIR

As a boy young Blair met all these statesmen. This meant much for the young man. He resolved to try to serve his country as they had done. He always kept this ambition before him.

Young Blair was educated in Washington and then went to Princeton College in New Jersey. He decided to be a lawyer and after studying under several noted lawyers, he graduated at a law school.

He was then only twenty-two years old. Probably on the suggestion of Senator Benton, Blair moved to St. Louis and began practicing law. His health being poor, he joined a party of trappers to the Rocky Mountains in 1845. The next year he enlisted as a soldier under Colonel Doniphan and served in the Mexican War.

Having recovered his health he returned to St. Louis and soon had a large law practice. He spent much of his time in politics and became one of the leaders of the Democratic party in Missouri.

During these years he was a follower of Senator Benton. Both men hated slavery altho each owned slaves. Both men believed in the United States as one nation and did not want to see it divided into two nations—one a slave nation, and the other a free nation. When Benton was finally defeated in Missouri for reelection to office, Blair took up the work of his former leader.

This was in the '50s, just a few years before the great Civil War. People were beginning to get excited over the great question of slavery. Some of the nation's great men feared that war would finally break out. Among these was Frank P. Blair.

The Republican party was formed in the '50s. It took a decided stand on the slavery question. It did not oppose slavery in the states that already had slaves, but it did oppose slavery being introduced into new territories. The Democratic party was divided, but as a party it favored slavery. This was natural, since the main strength of the Democratic party was in the slave states.

Blair was one of the leaders of the Democratic party, but he opposed its stand on slavery. He left that party and joined the Republican party, altho the latter was much weaker. He did this because his conscience made him do what he thought was right.

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. He was the first Republican President.

Blair and President Lincoln were close friends. The Civil War broke out in 1861 and both the North and the South made every effort to get the aid of the "Border States." The "Border States" were those states that lay between the great slave states of the South and the free states of the North. These "Border States" had slaves, but many of their citizens did not and were opposed to slavery. Missouri was one of these "Border States."

In Missouri the people themselves were divided. One man favored slavery, his neighbor opposed it. Sometimes even father and son, brothers, husband and wife, were opposed to each other. Nobody knew how Missouri would finally go, whether with the North or the South. Nearly all, however, hoped that there would be no war in Missouri and that the state would not take sides.

There were a few, nevertheless, who believed Missouri could not remain neutral, that she must go one way or the other—that there would be war and bloody battles fought on Missouri soil. One of these men was Frank P. Blair. He acted accordingly.

Blair loved the Union for which the North was fighting, and determined that Missouri should not go with the Confederacy for which the South was fighting. Early in 1861, Blair drilled four regiments of German soldiers in St. Louis. These were all of Union soldiers enlisted in Missouri, and aided Union men. He was captain of the first company in arming and clothing them.

The Missouri State Government was at this time controlled by pro-slavery men. When President Lincoln called on Missouri for four regiments of soldiers, Governor Jackson refused. Blair promptly wired President Lincoln that he had four regiments he could use. He later offered six regiments more. President Lincoln offered Blair a high military title—a bridgadier's commission—but he modestly refused. He requested that this title be given to the Union commander then in St. Louis—Nathaniel Lyon. Few men are so unselfish.

General Lyon was put in command of the Union troops in St. Louis and guarded the United States arsenal there. This arsenal had thousands of rifles, many cannons and much ammunition. The Missouri State Government wanted to seize the arsenal to get arms for the southern cause. Lyon and Blair knew this and determined to prevent it. Lyon accordingly marched his soldiers to Camp Jackson where the Missouri State troops were and captured them.

Blood was shed and the Civil War in Missouri had begun.

During the War, Blair served the Union cause as a Congressman at Washington and as a soldier in the battlefield. He led his men in many battles. He fought with courage. He finally rose to the rank of major-general. General Grant said Blair was one of the two best volunteer officers in the Union army. He was the most illustrious soldier Missouri gave to the Union.

While the War was being waged, Blair had great influence in Missouri. President Lincoln looked to Blair more than to any other man for advice on Missouri questions.

After the war, instead of seeking political honors to advance himself, Blair took up the unpopular work of protecting his late enemies from injustice. The men who controlled the affairs in Missouri at that time were determined that the old Democratic party should never again control the State. They were radical men and were called Radical Republicans. They passed laws forbidding a man to vote if he had even helped a Confederate soldier. Such a man could not even preach, or practice law, or teach, or serve on a schoolboard. Of course, this wholesale exclusion was unjust. The War was over, why arouse bitterness by such laws? The Radical Republicans thought it was necessary, but many Republicans, and of course all the Democrats, opposed these laws. One of these Republicans was Frank P. Blair—a Union soldier. He became the leader of the Conservative Union (Republican) party in Missouri in 1866.

Blair went up and down the State of Missouri delivering speeches against these unjust laws. Many of the Union soldiers thought he had turned traitor and his life was in danger all the time. At this time men's passions ran high and bloodshed was not uncommon. But Blair was used to danger and was always cool. The following story by Hon. Champ Clark shows Blair was able to take care of himself:

"Before the War, Blair went to Hannibal to speak against slavery. A mob gathered to break up the meeting. While he was speaking some one hit him squarely in the forehead with an egg. He wiped it off with his finger, flipped it on the ground, and coolly proceeded, making not the slightest mention of the incident. His marvelous nerve charmed his audience, hostile tho it was, and those who had come to stone remained to applaud."

After the War, instead of seeking political honors Blair had equally hard experiences. Hon. Champ Clark tells of some of these:

"In the outskirts of Louisiana, Missouri, stand four immense sugar trees. They form the corners of a rectangle about large enough for a speaker's platform. Beneath their gratful shadow, with the Father of Waters behind him, the blue sky over his head, in the presence of a great and curious crowd of people, Frank Blair made the first Democratic speech delivered in Missouri after the close of the Civil War. Excitement was intense. Armed men of all shades and opinion were on every hand. When Blair arose to speak he unbuckled his pistol belt and coolly laid two large navy revolvers on the table. He began as follows:

" 'Fellow-citizens, I understand that I am to be killed here today. I have just come out of four years of that sort of business. If there is to be any of it here, it had better be attended to before the speaking begins.'

"There was silence deep as death; and the boldest held his breath for a time.

"He then proceeded with his speech, but had not been going more than five minutes until a man of gigantic proportions started toward him, shaking his hugh fist and shouting,

" 'He's an arrant rebel! Take him out! Take him out!

"Blair stopped, looked the man in the face, crooked his finger at him, and said,

" 'You come and take me out!'

"This put an end to that incident, for the man who was yelling knew that Blair's finger would soon be pressing the trigger of one of those pistols.

"He got thru that day without bloodshed; but when he spoke at Warrensburg, Missouri, a little later, he had not spoken a quarter of an hour before a prominent citizen sitting on the speaker's stand started toward Blair, with a pistol in his hand and with a mighty oath, yelling:

" 'That statement is a lie!

"This started a free fight, in which one man was killed and several severely wounded. Blair went on with his speech. I know an aged, mild-mannered, Christian statesman, who for two hours of that speech stood with his hand upon his revolver ready to shoot down any man that assaulted Blair."

"Afterwards Blair was advertised to speak at Marshall, in Saline county. On the day of his arrival

an armed mob was organized to prevent him from speaking. An armed body of Democrats swore he should. A collision occurred, resulting in a regular pitched battle. Several men lost their lives and others were badly injured. But Blair made his speech."

"One night he was speaking in St. Louis, when a man in the crowd not twenty feet from the stand, pointed a revolver directly at him. Friendly hands interposed to turn the aim skyward."

" 'Let him shoot, if he dares,' said Blair, gazing coolly at his would-be-murderer; "if I am wrong, I ought to be shot, but this man is not the proper executioner.' "

"The fellow was hustled from the audience."

"Amid such scenes," says Hon. Champ Clark, "Blair toured the state from the Des Moines River to the Arkansas line and from the Mississippi to the mouth of the raging Kaw. The man who did that had a lion's heart in his breast."

Hon. Frank P. Blair held several high public positions. In 1867 Blair was instrumental in re-organizing the Democratic party in Missouri. He was the Democratic condidate for Vice-President in 1868. In 1869-1870 he became a Liberal Republican in the State election, and in 1871 was elected as a Democratic United States Senator. He served four terms in the House of Representatives in Washington. In 1871 he was elected United States Senator from Missouri and served two years. He died in St. Louis on July 9, 1875. His death was lamented by the entire State of Missouri for all saw that he had worked not for his own success but for the good of the people.

Blair was brave in war. He served in two, the Mexican War of 1846-7 and the Civil War. But he was greater in peace. The life and services of Frank P. Blair would fill volumes if all were written. He did more for the Union in Missouri just before and during the Civil War than any ten men.

"Blair was five feet eleven inches in height, straight as an Indian, of slender, wiry frame, hazel eyes, auburn hair, ruddy complexion, and aquiline nose. He was of nervous temperament. He was an optimist by nature and had unbounded confidence in himself and in Missourians."

He was a natural leader. He feared no man or body of men. He was of the stuff that martyrs are made. Gladly would he have given his life for what he thought was right. While others argued, he acted. Altho fearless, he was as tender as a child.

One of the strangest things in Blair's life is his success in politics in spite of the fact that he deserted his party twice. Usually when a man deserts his party, he rarely is popular and seldom elected to office. Blair was born a Democrat, he served as a Republican Congressman, then as a Democrat United States Senator, and died a Democrat.

What is even more remarkable is that in spite of all the enemies he had made, before his death Frank P. Blair was loved by all. He had fought in the Union army, and the old Union soldiers later named a Grand Army camp after him. He had fought against the Confederates but later saved them after the war from the unjust laws against them. Many of these old Confederate soldiers proudly named their boys "Frank Blair."

He said to all, "We are brethern."

JAMES SHIELDS, 1810-1879

Soldier and Statesman.

HANGING in the Capitol at Washington is one of the notable battle pictures of the world. It tells the story of the battle of Chapultepec and the capture of the City of Mexico by the American Army during the Mexican War. In the thick of the fight, where he always loved to be, is a general standing in his shirt sleeves. That man is General James Shields, a veteran of three wars and a United States Senator from three states.

General Shields was once asked if the picture was true and he replied:

"Yes, we were taken just as we stood by a photographer who followed the army. An interesting story lies back of the picture. General Scott, the American commander, had planned that my army should merely attack the Mexicans at Chapultepec and that another general should capture the City of Mexico. My army advanced rapidly putting the Mexicans to flight. General Scott saw that my men were making rapid progress and sent a messenger to stop me. I saw him coming and suspected his message. I didn't want any message from General Scott at that moment. When the messenger came within speaking distance, he began:

" 'General Scott sends his compliments to General Shields.'

"I hollowed out, 'All right, but I haven't time to talk with you now; wait a bit.'

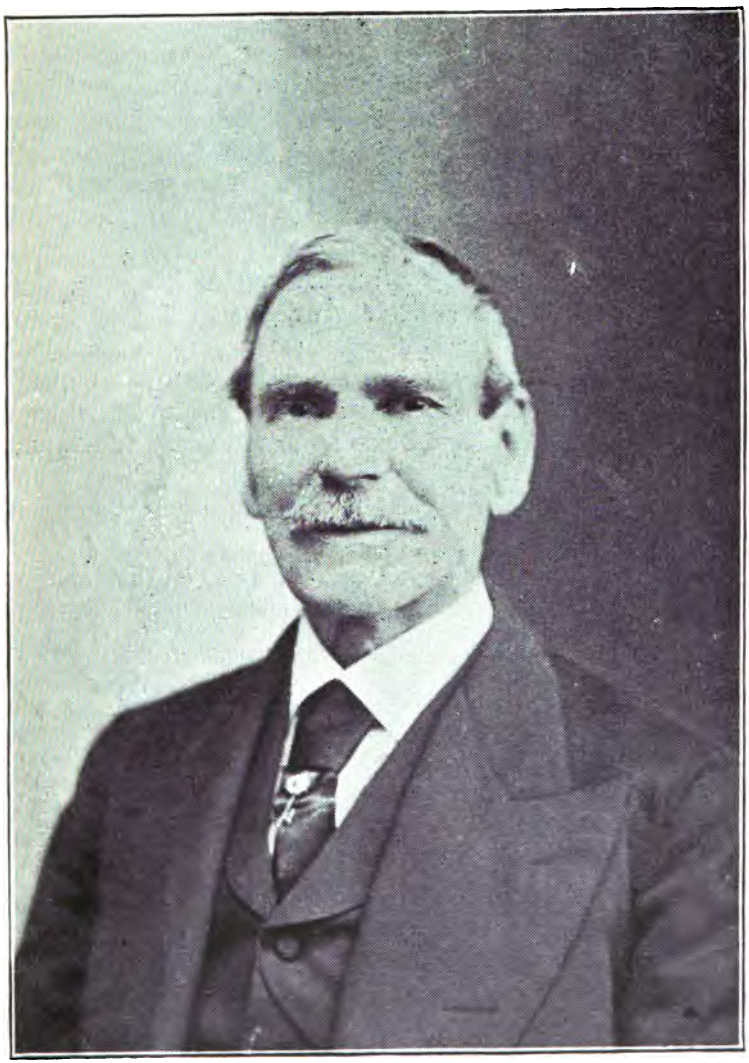
"General Scott, seeing that my men still pushed

on, sent an officer to me. My horse having been shot under me, I was on foot. I told the officer it would be madness for us to stop and that General Scott never would have ordered it if he knew how gloriously we were advancing. The officer was a gallant soldier and a generous one. Instead of ordering me to go back, he told me to go ahead. So on we went, and in less than twenty minutes we entered the city gate and unfurled the first American flag in the City of Mexico. The picture was taken as I was talking to the officer, so I can say it is true."

Another story of the famous battle of Chapultepec is also interesting to Missourians. There were some Missourians in this battle and one was a man named Palmer, who was later a harness-maker in Columbia (Mo.) Years later a native of Columbia visited the City of Mexico. There he saw the steep, rocky heights of Chapultepec, up which Shields' army had gone in the face of the Mexicans' fire. On returning to Columbia, this man asked Palmer how he and his fellow-soldiers ever ascended those heights. The old harness-maker modestly replied: "Why, we just clumb up."

Not only in this battle did General Shields show courage and ability, but in others he also proved himself a brave general. At Cerro Gordo he was severely wounded but refused to quit. He advanced to the charge when he was struck in the chest by an iron grape-shot which passed through his lungs. He fell apparently lifeless. When some of his men were about to remove him from the field, he said:

"I am of no further use to my country. You are. Lay me down and let me die; I might as well die here as to be taken off to die. You are strong, able-



JAMES SHIELDS

bodied men able to do your country some service. For our country's sake, lay me down and go to your duty."

These are the words of a brave man. For his services he was made a major-general and four months later led the soldier boys from South Carolina and New York in another battle. After the war the State of South Carolina presented him with a diamond hilted sword which cost $5,000.

Few men have had a more eventful life than this man. Born in Ireland on May 10, 1810 (same say 1806) he was of Scotch-Irish blood. His father died when James was only six years old and his mother reared him well. He liked books and read widely. He knew French and had a fine classical education. In Ireland he took lessons in sword exercises from some of the Irish soldiers who had fought against Napoleon.

He was named after an uncle who lived in America and who had fought for this nation in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. This uncle asked James to come to America. At the early age of sixteen years he set sail but was shipwrecked off the coast of Scotland. His next attempt succeeded but on reaching the United States he learned that his uncle had died. James then became a sailor and was soon an expert seaman. In an accident he had both legs broken but recovered.

When war broke out in Florida against the Seminole Indians, Shields enlisted. He displayed bravery and was wounded.

He had chosen the law as his profession and had settled in Illinois. At first he taught school. In 1832 he was admitted to the bar. He opened a law

office and soon became popular. He had a fine personal appearance and engaging manners. He was five feet and nine inches tall. He was frank and resolute.

In 1835 he was elected a Representative in the Illinois Legislature and served four years. He was then appointed State Auditor and held this office until he accepted the position of Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois. He knew such great men as Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass and was respected by them. In 1845 President Polk appointed him to the general land office in Washington and the next year he was appointed a bridgadier-general in the War with Mexico.

After the conquest of Mexico, General Shields returned to Illinois to practice law. He was still feeble from his wounds. Illinois presented him with a sword which cost $3,000. When he died thirty-one years later, the Illinois and South Carolina swords were left to his widow and children.

President Polk now appointed him Governor of the Territory of Oregon, but his election to the United States Senate from Illinois prevented his acceptance. General Shields' popularity was great in Illinois. While in the United States Senate from 1849 to 1855, he favored grants of lands for founding agricultural colleges, building railroads and making homes for settlers.

On leaving the Senate he settled in Minnesota. He was elected to the Legislature and later again elected to the United States Senate. He represented Minnesota two years as Senator and then moved to California.

At the opening of the Civil War he offered his services to the Union and served with his usual courage and ability. He was a good general and won several battles.

At the close of the war he settled at Carrollton, Missouri, where he owned a farm. This was in 1866. He made Carrollton his home until his death on June 1, 1879. He served two terms in the Missouri Legislature and in 1878 was again elected United States Senator to represent Missouri. This made the third time he had been elected to the United States Senate and each time he served a different state.

His private life was model. He was a cultured gentleman, a true husband, a loyal and patriotic citizen. He gave freely of his wealth. He was too generous to be thrifty. He lectured in many states, giving the proceeds to some charity. In politics he was a Democrat, in religion he was a Catholic.

In the city of Carrollton, Missouri, where he lived the last sixteen years of his life, two monuments have been erected in his honor and memory. His grave was marked in 1910 by a monument provided by authority of Congress. In 1914 the State of Missouri erected a beautiful monument which stands at the east door of the court house.

Three states claim this man who came to America a little, friendless Irish lad. Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri do him honor. The veterans of three wars claim this man. Such is the life of General James Sheilds, who stands in history as a soldier and a statesman.

JOHN BROOKS HENDERSON, 1826-1913

Author of The Thirteenth Amendment Abolishing Slavery in the United States

FROM orphan to statesman is the career of some of America's greatest men. This country is the land of opportunity. To him who labors and studies with care, greater prospects of success are found in the United States than in any other nation. Here men are given a chance. If they fail, it is usually their own fault. Among those who took advantage of their opportunity, is John Brooks Henderson—lawyer and statesman.

Born in Virginia on November 16, 1826, John Brooks Henderson came of southern parentage. His father and mother moved to Missouri in 1832 and both died before John was ten years old. They left him small means with which to educate himself. He attended the common schools of Lincoln county, Missouri, and was a good student. He earned his first money teaching school, but his ambition was to be a lawyer.

He was admitted to the bar in 1848 and began his practice law in Louisiana, Missouri, the following year. He lived in Louisiana until 1861 and built up a fine law practice.

At the early age of twenty-one years he was elected to represent Pike county in the Missouri Legislature and was again elected in 1856. In 1860 he was a candidate for Congress but was defeated by the more experienced and older politician, James S. Rollins.

Up to this time John Brooks Henderson had been a Democrat. Altho born and reared in the South, he opposed slavery. At the outbreak of the Civil War he became a Republican and gave his services to the Union. He was elected to the Missouri State Convention in St. Louis in 1861 and was one of the leading Unionists in that body. The same year he was appointed brigadier-general in the Missouri Militia and labored for the Union cause in the five Northeast Missouri counties in his district. He was appointed United States Senator in 1862 and was elected to that body from Missouri in 1863. His term expired on March 4, 1869, when he was succeeded by that other well known and patriotic statesman, Carl Schurz.

On retiring from the Senate he made his home in St. Louis. In 1872 he was a candidate for Governor of Missouri, but being a Republican, was defeated. He was also defeated in 1872 for the office of United States Senator from Missouri. He served as Assistant United States District Attorney in 1875 by appointment of President Grant, and in 1884 was president of the National Republican Convention.

He retired from the practice of law in 1887 and the following year moved to Washington, D. C., where he lived until his death on April 12, 1913. While he lived in Washington he held several honorary positions and was a favorite in social circles in his advanced age.

As a lawyer, Senator Henderson was one of the ablest and most widely known members of the Missouri bar. He was successful, able and honest. He always charged a client a high fee, having begun this practice as a young man. He regarded his

services as valuable and he impressed this point on people by his charge. They were few, however, who criticized this practice, because his clients knew that they could rely upon him. Altho his opponents were frequently of the highest ability, he was their equal in the courts of the land. He always studied a case thoroly, read all the books and records bearing on it, and then usually obtained a verdict in his favor. He was not a good jury lawyer and did not enjoy trying to arouse sympathy or enthusiasm by appeals of oratory. He was not an orator but a cool logical speaker. He did not move men by humor and pathos but by facts. This is one reason why he confined his practice to the higher courts, where logic and not sympathy is supreme.

Successful as he was as a lawyer, Senator Henderson will live in history as a statesman. There is this similarity, however, between his career as a lawyer and as a statesman—he always influenced his fellow-men by statements of facts, and was always guided by principles of honesty. Altho his services to the state and nation as a statesman were performed during a period of only eleven years, they left a permanent impression on the laws of this country. He served two terms in the Legislature of Missouri and during these four years he was active in framing railroad and banking laws for the state, some of which are the foundations of our present system of laws on these subjects.

His career as a United States Senator, covering seven years, would fill a volume if all were written. He was one of the leaders in the United States Senate and was a member of a number of important committees. He was instrumental in having adopted

the general policy of making peace treaties with the Indian tribes over the nation. He was also able to have the National Government reimburse the State of Missouri for war expenditures. His most conspicuous piece of legislation was the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery in this country. Senator Henderson wrote this amendment and introduced it in the United States Senate.

He was also one of the advocates of the clause in the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which stated that the right to vote should not be denied on account of race, color, or previous conditions of servitude.

Perhaps his most unpopular act as a statesman was when he voted for the acquittal of President Andrew Johnson on the impeachment charges which had been preferred against him. Henderson voted for his acquittal and Johnson was not convicted. This act of Henderson's cost him re-election to the United States Senate and ended his public career in Missouri. History, however, has endorsed the unpopular stand that was taken by Missouri's United States Senator.

John Brooks Henderson does not rank with the greatest men Missouri has produced. His career as a public man was short. His influence on political conditions in Missouri was short lived. Belonging to the opposite political party in control in Missouri, his opportunity for service was limited. His removal to Washington D. C., ended his public career. During these few years, however, he achieved much. As the author of the Thirteenth Amendment alone his name will be remembered. To this single distinction

will be added his patriotic stand for the Union in 1861. his leadership in the United States Senate on many public questions, and his high position as a lawyer in Missouri.

Pike county, Missouri, has been the home of many eminent men and not least of these is John Brooks Henderson.

CARL SCHURZ, 1829–1906

Statesman, Orator and Journalist

MEN of foreign birth have usually not been elected to the highest political positions in this country. While many have sat in state Legislatures, some have become Governors, and others have been elected Congressmen in the House of Representatives, very few have risen to the United States Senate. This is especially true with regard to men born and educated in non-English speaking countries like Germany and France. Altho such men may become great lawyers, writers or journalists, they seldom learn the English language well enough to be able to deliver polished addresses in public without disclosing the language of their youth. They fail as English orators. This handicaps them in obtaining the highest public offices.

Perhaps the most remarkable exception to this in the history of the United States during the last century is Carl Schurz. Born in Germany, March 2, 1829, Carl Schurz came of highly respectable parents. He received a fine education, studying in several of the universities in Germany. He was a good student and was loved by his many friends. While in school he grew to hate the autocratic government of his native land. He loved democracy and longed to see his fellow men under a republican form of governmenut similar perhaps to the United States Government.

At the early age of twenty years he joined in an uprising of the people to free Germany of her power-

ful kings and petty rulers. This was in 1849. Unfortunately the rulers with their drilled armies were able to put down the insurrection and Schurz was imprisoned in a fortress. He managed to escape and for three days and nights concealed himself in a sewer. He remained in this hiding place without food or drink and finally managed to reach the river Rhine, He succeeded in finding his way to Switzerland where he secluded himself for a year.

CARL SCHURZ
(From Walter B. Stevens' "Missouri The Center State.")

Many of his friends, however, had not been so fortunate. Hundreds had been killed and thousands placed in prison. One of these was confined in Berlin. Schurz went secretly to Berlin and after considerable planning managed to aid his friend in escaping.

He then went to Paris, France, where he corresponded for several German newspapers, and in 1852 went to London. In the latter city he obtained his livlihood by teaching languages and music.

He decided to come to the United States and landed here in 1852. For three years he resided in Phila-

delphia where he studied with care the English language as well as the law and history of his adopted country.

Having succeeded in mastering the English language he moved to Wisconsin. Here he became a politician of prominence and was soon one of the leaders of the Republican party in that state. In 1857 he was candidate on the Republican ticket for Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin, but was defeated. Having been admitted to the bar he began to practice law, but his new profession was of less importance to him than his activities as a politician.

He made his first public speech in English in Chicago in 1858. This speech was delivered for Abraham Lincoln, who in two years became President of the United States. It soon became widely known and people recognized that a new orator had developed.

From that year the reputation of Carl Schurz as an orator increased. He delivered a series of public lectures and addresses in New England in 1859 and 1860, which were quoted over the nation. He spoke English with remarkable fluency and had no superior if any equal among men of German descent in addressing an English speaking audience. This is the more remarkable considering that Carl Schurz had been born and reared on foreign soil and received his education in a foreign language with only a few years of instruction in the English tongue. Every language has expressions that are peculiar to that language. They are called idioms, which are difficult for the foreigner to master. Carl Schurz, however, thru diligent study, was able to master such difficulties.

Owing to his lectures in behalf of Abraham Lincoln, and because of his public service for the Republican party, Carl Schurz was appointed United States Minister to Spain. He took up his residence in Madrid, but soon after the outbreak of the Civil War he resigned this post of high honor, and returned to the United States to enter the Union army. He was in a number of campaigns in the South and finally rose to the rank of major-general.

During the last year of the War and immediately following the War Schurz traveled extensively. He observed people and conditions closely and had a memory that forgot nothing. He was not only familiar with the conditions in Wisconsin, but had a grasp on affairs in the North, East, South and Middle West. His view was a national one, and it greatly aided him in his writing and addresses.

He settled in Detroit in 1866 and became editor of the *Daily Post.*

The following year, 1867, he moved to St. Louis and became editor-in-chief of a German paper, the *Westliche Post.* This paper had great influence among the thousands of German citizens in St. Louis. Thru it Schurz became a power in Missouri politics and in two years became the leader of the Republican party in this state. In January, 1869, he was chosen United States Senator from Missouri and served until 1875. While in the United States Senate he was regarded as a leader. His position on all public questions was broad and enlightened. He opposed using army force in the Southern states after the war had ended. Altho he had been one of the chief supporters of the Republican party and had been a

loyal Union man during the Civil War, he refused to oppress the brave people of the South after they had been defeated. He took a similar stand on local politics in Missouri during this period, and helped organize the Liberal Republican party in this State. He later assisted in organizing the People's party movement.

Succeeding his retirement from the Senate in 1875, Schurz was appointed United States Secretary of Interior under President Hays. While filling this position he brought about several progressive reforms as well as performing the duties of his office. Without waiting for a law to be passed, he introduced the merit system in his own department. Before this it had been the custom for persons to obtain salaried positions in the Department of the Interior and in any other department, largely on the basis of influence of friends or on the basis of work as politicians. Schurz decided that this was wrong and that the practice should be stopped. He accordingly filled subordinate positions on the basis of worth and qualifications of the man. He also labored hard to prevent a group of rich men from getting possession of the vast timber resources belonging to the government. He was also interested in improving the conditions of the Indians in this nation. Thru his work as Secretary of Interior he accomplished much. Some of his work did not meet with the approval of many at that time but today, forty years later, the government is trying to carry out many of the reforms which Carl Schurz tried to inaugurate.

He retired from this office and moved to New York in 1881 where he became editor of the *New York*

Evening Post. This may be said to mark the beginning of the last half of his career as a United States citizen. Prior to this he had held public offices in this country and had been more or less before the eyes of American people as a politician and statesman. After taking up his residence in New York, he never held another public office, but he was still a man of wide influence up to the time of his death on May 14, 1906.

Altho he had been a Republican in politics, he favored the election of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Grover Cleveland, in 1884, but in 1896 he opposed the Democratic candidate William Jennings Bryan. He did not believe in the financial policy of Bryan in 1896 in regard to silver. In 1900, however, Schurz gave his support to the Democratic candidate because of that party's advocacy of anti-imperialism. Aside from the question as to whether Carl Schurz was right or wrong in the stands he took in the field of politics, it is not denied by even his opponents that he always did what he thought was right. Frequently he suffered loss of influence by deserting one party and taking up with another and then in a few years going back to the original party that he had deserted. People in those days could not understand such actions. Men voted the party ticket right or wrong, as a rule. Political lines were strickly drawn, and anyone who stepped over them did so at the cost of influence and power. Today men of the type of Schurz are not so censored, for the people are now paying more attention to the ability and honesty of a man and the correctness of principal than they are to party.

During the latter years of his life, Carl Schurz became editor of *Harper's Weekly* and spent all of his time in writing. His two most important works were the "Life of Henry Clay" and his own "Autobiography." His style of writing is interesting, which, combined with his scholarly attitude for accuracy of statements made his works valuable.

Carl Schurz was not a genius but was a man of great mind and high morals. He was a student all his life, but unlike most students he read not only books, but men and public affairs. With his fine educational training, his extensive reading, and travels at home and abroad, he was able to study a question with more knowledge than most men. His intellect was, however, no more highly developed than his morals. He was honest in his dealings with men. Principles meant everything to him. His offering his life to bring about democracy in Germany at the early age of twenty years is typical of his activities during his entire career. Altho not an aggressive fighter, always ready to pick a quarrel, Schurz was not afraid to battle for what he thought was right. At the cost of money and influence he stood for progress.

It was this high moral attitude of Carl Schurz that made him a national figure of first importance in American affairs. Of few persons of foreign birth and education can this be said so truly as it can in the case of this Democratic statesman. In partial recognition of his life's work of fifty-four years as a citizen of the United States, there was erected to his memory a monument in New York.

He was a citizen of Missouri only fourteen years and resided here only a part of this time. His impression on the state, however, was great. He ranked high as an editor, as an orator, politician and statesman. He was Missouri's United States Senator for six years, and performed well his duties. He is truly claimed by three states—Wisconsin, Missouri and New York. His greatest service was in Missouri and he will always occupy an important place in her history.

FRANCIS MARION COCKRELL, 1834-1915

United States Senator from Missouri for Thirty Years

THE story is told that the throwing of an old slouch hat to the ceiling of the Hall of Representatives in Jefferson City, made Francis Cockrell Missouri's United States Senator. It happened back in the summer of 1874. There were two Democratic candidates for the nomination of Governor—Charles H. Hardin and Francis Marion Cockrell. The Democratic State Convention, consisting of several hundred delegates, had met to decide which man should be the choice of the Democratic party in Missouri. Excitement was high and feeling strong. Finally after much speaking, Cockrell lost the nomination by a majority of one-sixth of a vote. The result of the vote had scarcely been announced when a tall figure arose from his chair, walked down the aisle, and mounted the platform. Every voice was still; all waited in expectancy. The man was Cockrell. A moment more and a voice rang out:

"No man will more loyally support the choice of this convention than I. No man will throw his hat higher for Charley Hardin than will I." And away to the ceiling went the old slouch hat of Cockrell. The convention was frantic in honoring the noble act of the defeated candidate. They told him "you have lost the Governorship today, but you will win the United States Senatorship next winter." So when the Missouri Legislature met in Jefferson City six months later its choice for the highest political office was Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell. He held

this office five consecutive terms and his seat was never contested by a Democratic candidate during this period of thirty years. No man in Missouri history served Missouri so long in the Upper House of Congress, excepting the great Benton.

Missouri did well when she elected this man to the United States Senate. It is true he had never before held a political office but he soon showed his ability as a statesman, the same as he had shown his courage as a general.

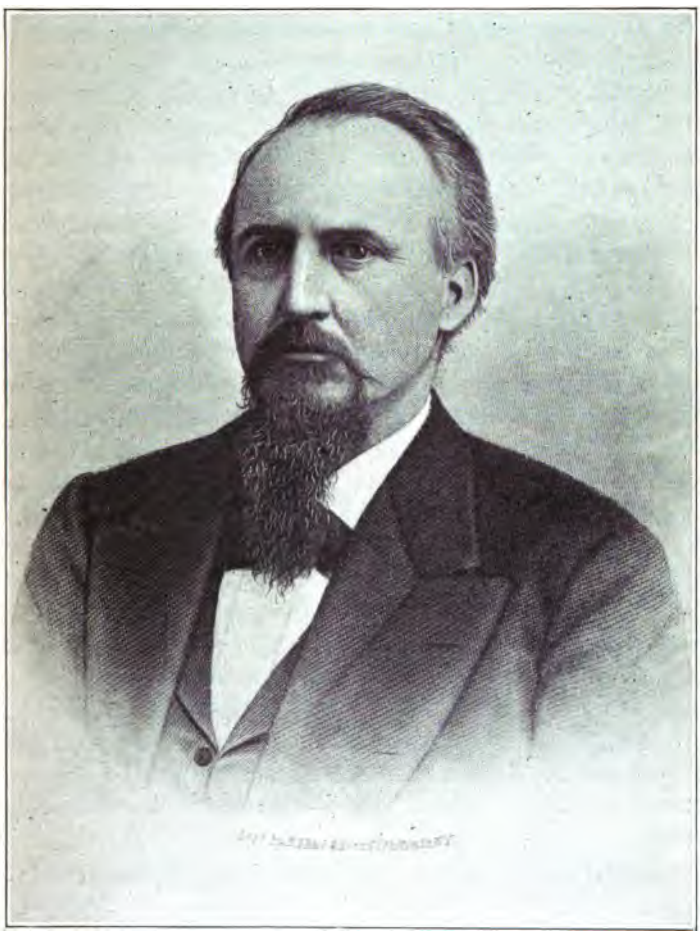
In Washington he was respected by both Democrats and Republicans. He was a great worker and mastered every detail of any proposition in hand. He served on important committees and his statements of facts were never disputed. He was a true patriot who loved his country and watched over her interests. He was never forgetful of his state and no Missourian came to him for a favor but what he granted it, if it was just and right. Altho he served his state for thirty years in the United States Senate, Francis Marion Cockrell was poorer when he retired from office than when he entered it. No dishonest money passed thru his hands and not once was the finger of suspicion pointed at him. Every act of his will bear the closest examination, and none will reveal dishonesty.

When Missouri in 1904 elected a Republican Legislature in the Lower House it meant the retirement of Cockrell from the Senate at the end of his term on March 3, 1905. Curiously enough, however, a Republican President was determined that the nation should not lose the services of this well trained, patriotic and honest statesman. President Roosevelt

said that the people of Missouri had lost a faithful servant, but that the government would not lose him, and he accordingly appointed Cockrell a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He served on the Commission until 1910 and later served the nation in other important public posts. His death on December 13, 1915, was commented on by the city papers of the nation. He was widely known and great confidence was reposed in him. He was clean-handed and clean-hearted. He was gentle, simple and hospitable. He inspired confidence in other men.

Here in Missouri, where he was born on October 1, 1834, he was loved by all. When he went over the state on his political campaigns, it was more like visiting friends than stumping for votes. He had a remarkable memory and could call his acquaintances by their first name without hesitating. He was commanding in appearance, being over six feet tall and and weighing two hundred pounds. Simple in manner and dress, his figure was a familiar one in every county in the State. He usually wore a linen duster and preferred a corn-cob pipe. He was not democratic in manner in order to obtain votes, but was plain and simple by nature. His dinner always consisted of two apples, and when traveling on the train he preferred a common passenger coach or smoker to a Pullman.

His early rearing as a lad on the farm perhaps instilled these simple habits of life. His education was obtained in the country schools and he later attended a college in Lafayette county. He was a native of Johnson county, Missouri, and after he had read law several years, he began the practice of his profession in Warrensburg.



FRANCIS MARION COCKRELL

At the outbreak of the Civil War he allied himself with the Southern cause and enlisted as a private. His company elected him captain and he arose rapidly to the rank of brigadier-general. He was present in many of the important battles of the Civil War and fought courageously for the cause of the Confederacy. When not in battle, he drilled his troops so well that "Cockrell's Brigade" of fighting Missourians was said to be one of the best drilled and most courageous brigades in the Southern army.

After the war, Cockrell returned to Missouri and again began the practice of his profession in partnership with Governor Thomas T. Crittenden. The firm was known as "Crittenden and Corkrell." This firm and the firm of "Philips and Vest," of Sedalia, were known all over the State as the "Big Four." They were powerful in politics in Missouri and were regarded as among the most able lawyers and speakers in the state. While Cockrell was not the orator that Vest was, nor had he the statesmanship of Benton, he was more secure in the hearts of the people than either during his political career of thirty years. There was something about the man that drew people to him and made them repose confidence in his integrity, honesty and ability. Even his political opponents in Washington were glad to grant him any personal favor; while here in Missouri he was idolized.

It is said that when the Democratic National Convention met in St. Louis to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, that on the mention of the name of Cockrell, ten thousand persons rose and cheered in acclamation. The nomination of Cockrell was made

by that beloved Missourian, Hon. Champ Clark, and seconded by William J. Bryan. The latter said that if Cockrell were nominated, he would be willing for him to write the Democratic platform with his own hand. The confidence his friends reposed in him was never violated.

He had many opportunities to become a wealthy man without perhaps, violating even the law of the land, but he was honest both by principle and by nature. It is said that he had not a single vice or even a bad habit, except smoking. He was deeply religious and a strong supporter of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He took an active part in Sunday-school work and during his long political career aided in every way the work of the church. He died as he had lived—a fearless, patriotic honest man.

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST, 1830-1904

Missouri's Little Giant

ONE evening in the fall of 1881 a small company of men from New York City were dining in a western frontier hotel. They were drinking wine in celebration of something concerning which they talked loudly and with careless tongue. Others in the dining room soon learned that this gaiety was the result of a tour from which the New Yorkers had just returned. They had been promised the lease of a large and rich part of the public land of the United States. Before they saw it, they knew that it was valuable. Now that they had seen it, hey realized it was a prize much greater than they had dreamed and that it meant a fortune for each of them.

At a table in a corner of the dining room sat a small, stern man with iron-grey hair and military mustache. The noisy New Yorkers did not observe him and he was trying not to observe them until he heard one of them utter two words: "Yellowstone Park."

Taking advantage of the ignorance of the people of the United States this crowd of New York financiers had persuaded the United States Department of Interior to help them obtain quietly from the Government a practically perpetual lease of the nation's magnificent park—5,500 square miles of invaluable property. For a small sum the Yellowstone Park was to be turned over to these few private persons and they were to have free hand in enriching themselves.

The small, stern looking man had come to this little out-of-the-way South Dakota village to say a last good-bye to a dying friend. It was mere chance that he was in the dining room.

As soon as Congress assembled, this man, who was a newly elected United States Senator, arose and performed his first great service to the nation. He demanded the documents in relation to the proposed lease of Yellowstone Park. He exposed the men who were trying to enrich themselves at the expense of the nation. In an outburst of oratory based on undisputed evidence, he revealed to the Senate and the nation the proposed robbery. The New Yorkers wondered how the thing had leaked out until one of them recognized in the new Senator the small, stern figure who sat in the corner of the dining room out in South Dakota. The victory was easy, but was none the less valuable. It showed the country the character which this new statesman possessed—alertness, keenness, courage and honesty. By going to the land grabbers, he would have made a fortune. He preferred public service.

Such was the first appearance and first service of importance of Senator George Graham Vest, who represented Missouri in the United States Senate from 1879 to 1903.

One bitter cold day in the winter of 1903, the United States Senate sat spell-bound listening to this same small, stern man who was now in his seventy-fourth year. He was one of the leaders of the helpless Democratic minority party, and was so feeble that he weighed barely ninety pounds. A man stood by to support him in case he collapsed. He

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST

was a mere mite of a human being. His body was so small and shrunk that his head was scarcely a a foot and a half above the desk. His hair was white and his skin had a waxen pallor. His mouth seemed to be set in the rigor of death.

Such was the astonishing spectacle which the United States Senate watched with amazement. The man was Senator Vest, and he was demanding the repeal of the duty on coal. His speech was calm and simple, a protest backed with unanswerable facts against a tariff monoply on coal, for which the people would have to pay. The protest seemed hopeless because directed against the very foundation of principles of the Republican party which was then in control of the United States Senate. Statesman after statesman attempted to answer the speaker. Their statements were met with unanswerable facts and arguments by the "Little Giant" from Missouri until finally the majority party receded from its position and no tariff duty was laid on coal at that session.

This was the last public service of this remarkable man. They typify his life's work as a public servant. Honesty and ability marked his entire career.

Few men in Missouri history have had more interesting career than George Graham Vest. He was one of the most successful lawyers of his day. He was an orator who swayed men's reason and sympathy as few speakers could. As a statesman he represented Missouri in the Confederate Senate for two years and later in the United States Senate for twenty-four years. He helped shape the policy of the Southern states during the Civil War and then

forwarded the Union's welfare for nearly a quarter of a century. Altho a Democrat, his law partner and many of his friends were Republicans. With opportunities to become wealthy if principles were sacrificed, he preferred to die a poor man. His first speech in the United States Senate was a success—his last was a triumph over a majority party. His training as a student, his great ability, courage and honesty, would have enabled him to have succeeded in perhaps any one of a half dozen professions. He tried three—law, oratory and statescraft—and gained distinction in each; as a writer, journalist and actor, he would also have been prominent. His was a remarkable mind such as few men possess.

George Graham Vest was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, December 6, 1830, and died at the town of Sweet Springs, Missouri, on August 9, 1904. His parents came from Virginia and were of Scotch-Irish stock. Both were God-fearing members of the Presbyterian church. His father was a carpenter and builder, and was highly respected. Altho in poor circumstances, his ambition was to give his children a good education. He died, however, when his son was very young. George was reared by his mother. His education was directed by her and much of his later success in life was due to this thoro training. He became a deep student of the Bible and in most of his public speeches quoted from that book.

He had a remarkable memory and read widely even as a boy. At the age of ten years he had read every one of Sir Walter Scott's novels and to the end of his days could quote pages from the works of that great novelist.

He entered college and was a brilliant student. He then taught school and for a while was a newspaper correspondent.

His ambition, however, was not in the field of letters but in the field of law. He entered Transylvania University in Kentucky and graduated at the early age of twenty-one years. He was now ready to practice law.

With his sheep-skin in his pocket he decided to go West, and in 1853 set out for California. He proceeded no farther than Missouri, however, and in 1853 settled at Georgetown, Pettis county, Missouri. Three years later he removed to Booneville where he entered into competition with the leading lawyer of the Missouri bar. Until 1860 he was a strong supporter of the Union, but at the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Southern cause and served the state, first as a Congressman in the Confederate Congress, and then as her Senator in that body.

After the war he returned to Missouri and resumed the practice of his profession at Sedalia, where he formed a partnership with Judge John F. Phillips. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1879 and served continuously for four terms.

Vest was truly a remarkable man. He was five feet and six inches in height and weighed about one hundred and ten pounds. He had fiery red hair, his fair face was sprinkled with boyish freckles, and his neck was very short. His eyes were blue with a tinge of gray. Judge Henry Lamm says that Vest had a form of the singular make-up of being almost as tall when sitting as when standing. He had an exceptionally large head and very broad shoulders,

such as would have marked him as a prominent person in any crowd.

Many are the stories told of this Missouri statesman. Few of his speeches have been preserved in writing but many of the old settlers and lawyers can tell stories by the scores that were related by this man.

He married a Kentucky lady and brought her first to his boarding house in Georgetown. It is said that his landlord had frequently been nettled by the remarks Vest made regarding the food. When Vest proudly introduced his wife to the landlord, the latter thought it was an excellent opportunity to have some fun. So when he young lawyer asked him what he thought of his wife, the old gentleman replied:

"By gum, George, you must have cotched her in a pinch for a husband."

Mrs. Vest did not like her surroundings as well as her husband did. She saw that life was too easy and that Vest was not force to exert himself to make a living. He was the best lawyer in the town but this was due to the small number in the profesison. Vest was too much inclined to hunt and fish, so his wife wanted him to go where he would have to struggle to be successful. She persuaded him to move to Boonville and here he met some of the great lawyers of Missouri. The effect on Vest was to make him study harder and exert himself more. It was not long until he was recognized as one of the most brilliant in the state.

He had no superior before a jury. His voice was well modulated and he knew how to present either reason or sentiment to move men. At no time was

he at loss for a word and never taken back by any questions or remark. He knew how to effectively defeat an opponent's proposition and how to break the force of a hostile witness testifying. In one case one witness, who was a very small man, testified that Vest's client was drunk. This damaging statement was easily answered by Vest in addressing the jury. He asked them what so little a man as the witness could possibly know about drunkenness.

"Why, said Vest, "he is so slight he would get drunk in sitting on a rotten apple."

The next witness was a three hundred pound policeman, and he also testified that Vest's client was drunk.

"Listen, when you pass, gentlemen of the jury," said Vest, "and you will hear the beer splash in him like water in a shaken rain-barrel."

In another case a man by the name of Warner was charged with killing his son-in-law. His daughter testified that her husband had prowled around her father's house in the dead of night presumably for hostile purposes.

"Did you see him?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"No."

"How, then did you know it was your husband?"

"By his foot-fall on the plank," said the wife.

This statement was ridiculed as being unnatural and unreliable. Here Vest triumphantly sustained the lady by a single sentence.

"Not know her husband's foot-fall? Why, gentlemen of the jury, my wife not only knows me when my foot strikes the walk to my house at night, but she knows where I have been and what I have been doing."

These stories and many more are told by Judge Henry Lamm, of Sedalia, who knew Vest well. Judge Lamm also relates how there once lived in Sedalia a rather pompous and stilted lawyer whom Vest greatly disliked. One day Vest described this lawyer in these few words:

"If ——— had a few turkey feathers stuck in the right part of his body, he would strut himself to death."

Vest was an orator of power. He could sway a crowd as easily as a jury. He delighted in public speaking and his pathos and humor never dulled. He employed figures of speech, sarcasm, reason and fancy, and made use of each tool in his great storehouse of knowledge. His speeches were never long, there were no repetitions and no dry details. His language was pure and he was never at a loss for the right word. He rarely made a speech outside of Missouri, except in Congress. The fact that he was elected to the United States Senate for four consecutive terms and sat in that body for nearly a quarter of a century, is sufficient proof of his power over the public. He hated the city and loved the country, where he knew people with whom he had been reared since his boyhood days. He was fascinating in conversation and eagerly sought after in the court room, the legislative chamber, and in his own humble cottage at Sweet Springs.

Nothing better illustrates the remarkable power of the man as an orator and conversationalist than the following story told by Judge John F. Phillips, his law partner for years.

During the Civil War the Missouri soldiers under the command of General Jo Shelby were to elect a

Representative in the Confederate Congress. They were down in the hills of Arkansas, having been forced to retreat before the Union troops. Vest was a candidate for the place. His only military service was as staff officer with General Sterling Price and he was not regarded by the soldiers as of their class. So when he appeared before Shelby's men in camp to present his claims for their support, his eloquence did not create the enthusiasm desired. Col. George Rothbon was a prominent candidate. He commanded one of the fighting regiments of Shelby's brigade and was greatly admired by the soldiers. Tho he was no match for Vest as a speaker and did not possess Vest's magnetism, he had the love of his fellow-soldiers. John T. Crisp was captain of a company in Rothbon's regiment. He was an experienced politician and the soldiers did whatever he directed. He was an outspoken supporter of Rothbon and Vest felt that Crisp could alone gain the votes of the soldiers.

After the war, Vest told in his peculiar way how he went about winning the support of Crisp. He asked Crisp one morning to take a walk in the woods just to enjoy the sweet odor of the trees and hear the birds sing. Finding a log for a seat, Crisp who suspected Vest's plan, said:

"Vest, while I hope I misjudge you, allow me to say at the outset, once and for all, I am committed to Rothbon for our Confederate Congressman. He is colonel of a regiment, a splendid soldier, and a lawyer of worth. He deserves the honor and I must support him, and every man in my company is for him."

Turning his keen blue eyes on Crisp, Vest replied:

"My dear captain, you entirely misconceive my purpose in this talk. What I wish to say to you is that I have just returned from a visit at Richmond where I learned many inside things. Among these I learned that the Confederacy is soon to be recognized by the countries of Europe. President Jefferson Davis asked me to suggest someone to be sent as ambassador to Italy. John" said Vest, dropping his voice to a whisper, "have you ever read much of Italy?"

Crisp's big toe was boring a hole in the ground under fallen leaves.

"Yes, George," he said with enthusiasm, "yes, yes, go on."

"I knew it," said Vest, with a sigh of relief, "I knew a man of your scholarship would not be ignorant of the history and romance of that wonderful land. Think," he said, letting his hand rest on Crisp's knee, "think of the charms of Rome, the matchless climate, the blue sky, and the flowers that bloom thruout the year. Think of the beautiful women and dreamy music. You are a man of genius, of splendid personalty, a diplomat by nature. Your present position is unworthy of a man of your ability. Here you are down in the Arkansas hills, half naked, absolutely in tatters, your hair cropping out thru the top and sides of a dilapidated straw hat, sockless, your toes out of your worn-out shoes, while you have the spirit of a knight errant, and the eloquence and address of an accomplished courtier. You ought to be at the court in Italy."

Vest said that he could see Crisp's big toe, working outside of the shoe, plowing deeper and deeper

in the ground from nervous excitement. He leaned over Vest's shoulder—

"George," he said, in a choking voice, "what is the salary?"

"The salary," said Vest musically, "is seventy-five hundred dollars a year, payable in gold."

"George," said Crisp, laying his arm affectionately around Vest's shoulder, "Rothbon is not fit to go to Congress. He is no orator and is no statesman. Rothbon is a soldier and he should be kept with the army in the field and you should be sent to Richmond."

"John," said Vest, grasping his hand, "I was not deceived. You are a born diplomat. Italy is yours."

They clasped hands and walked back to camp. The result was that every man voted for Vest, but no ambassador of the Confederacy was ever sent to Italy. Crisp never enjoyed this story.

By many Vest was regarded as being merely a brilliant man. That he was brilliant is admitted by all, but he was a student and believed in industry. He said that these magic words should be placed above the doorway of every university, college and school, and over the hearthstone of every home:—"Self-control and continous effort."

He was a wide reader and selected at will from his fund of knowledge that his memory retained to beautify and make instructive his many addresses. He was a leader of men whether in private conversation with a few companions or before an assemblage of thousands. His store of stories was inexhaustible and he possessed the happy faculty of being able to invent new ones on the moment. He was never at loss for an argument or a reply. He dominated in

a kindly way whatever undertaking he began. He was as fascinating in conversation in his little cottage home as he was in his great public speeches in the Senate. He was frank and honest and this combined with his wisdom made him a man much sought after.

Few of his addresses have been preserved. Those that are still accessible, however, are jewels of thought. One of the most classical speeches was delivered in a lawsuit over a dog. While attending court in Warrensburg he was suddenly called upon to assist in a law suit for damages over the wrongful killing of a hound. He took no part in the trial until the evidence was in, when rising he broke into one of the most remarkable eulogies on the dog that is preserved in the English language today. Judge Henry Lamm says he has studied this as preserved in print, and considers it fully equal to any piece of writing ever penned on the dog. The following is a copy of this beautiful speech that has been printed far and wide over the nation:

Eulogy of the Dog

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to

do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry wind blows and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey thru the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and when death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside may the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

RICHARD PARKS BLAND, 1835-1899

An American Commoner

THE lives of great men are the best guides for young and old. We are all hero worshipers. The career of a great man, his speeches and acts, has shaped many lives. This is true in religion, science, politics, business, art, and in other fields of knowledge. When our hero is both good and great, honest and strong, pure and loyal, simple and modest,—then we are fortunate in making his life our guide.

Such a man was Richard Parks Bland. He was not a great orator, he was not highly educated at college, he was not a wealthy man, and he was not a politician with magnetism, but he possessed those higher qualities of mind, such as honesty, loyalty, sincerity, sympathy, and courage, that made his friends love him and his opponents respect him. He was a public man for over a quarter of a century, but not once during those years were his honesty and ability questioned. His life was clean and pure. He was a man of the common people and he labored for them. He has been called the "American Commoner."

Richard Parks Bland was born in a log cabin in Kentucky on August 19, 1835. His parents were also natives of that state. They were poor in worldly goods but rich in those priceless qualities of honesty and courage. His father died soon and the care of a large family fell on the shoulders of his mother. Young Dick as he was called when a boy and also later when he was a Congressman, worked hard on

R.P. BLAND.

a farm in the summer. He received only six dollars a month but from this he saved enough to obtain an education. He attended the country schools in his district and then entered an academy. This was all the schooling he received. At the early age of seventeen years, he taught school and two years later came to Missouri. After teaching a term in this state, he went to Nevada, one of the richest mining centers in the world. Here he was admitted to the bar, practiced law, and was elected a county official.

In 1865 he returned to Missouri, and settled at Rolla, where he practiced law with his brother. Four years later he moved to Lebanon, Laclede county. He bought a farm near Lebanon and made this his home until his death on June 15, 1899.

Shortly after settling in Laclede county, his friends persuaded him to run for Congress. He was elected in 1872 and was reelected every two years except in 1894. He served twelve two-year terms in Congress—a period of twenty-four years—and on his death had been elected for his thirteenth term. During these years his congressional district had included about thirty counties, stretching from the Missouri River to the Arkansas line. To have given satisfaction to such a large number of counties is proof of his popularity.

The story is told that while he was serving his ninth term several bright young men were sitting around an old-fashioned fireplace in a Jefferson City hotel, discussing Mr. Bland. They agreed among themselves that Mr. Bland was a man of one idea, that he was not a great man or even a superior man.

A stranger stepped forward and they asked him:

"What do you think about it?"

"Well," said the stranger, "I want to ask you a question or two. Mr. Bland is serving his eighteenth year in Congress. Do you know of a single public speech which he has made or a single vote which he has cast that has been criticized by the voters who elected him to Congress?"

They all agreed that they did not. Then the stranger continued:

"First and last Mr. Bland has represented nearly thirty counties, and a man must have something superior in him, he must certainly have stood for the things the people believe in, or in all these years he would have received some criticism."

As a statesman, R. P. Bland made a name that will live in history. His work in Congress, his public speeches and his writings, made him an authority on all matters pertaining to money. He was read not only in America but in Europe and in other lands. He was the greatest advocate of the silver dollar that the world has seen. In fact he was better known as "Silver Dick" Bland than as R. P. Bland. He believed that this country should have more metal money, that is, gold and silver money. He believed that silver should be coined into money as freely as gold. The United States Government by a law passed in 1873, had stopped the coinage of silver. After bitter struggling in Congress, Bland succeeded in 1878 in having passed a law that restored the coinage of silver to some degree. It provided that there should be coined not less than two and not more than four million silver dollars each month. This is

called the Bland-Allison act. It did not provide for the free and unlimited coinage of silver and did not satisfy Bland, but it was the best he could do. He continued to work for his cause. He became the greatest authority on the silver question. After many years of exciting and courageous struggling the Bland act was finally repealed.

The fight had now become a national question. The Republican party opposed the free coinage of silver. It stood for a single-standard metal money and that metal was gold. It presented to the people of the United States the reasons that gold alone should measure the value of money. Its leaders said that the principal countries of the world had a gold standard and that the United States must have one if it continued to trade with them. They said that if we placed gold and silver on an equality as money, the European countries would pay in silver for our produce that they bought but would make us pay in gold for what be bought of them. If this were done, they said we would soon have all the silver in the world and little of the gold. They said that panics would come and finally we as a nation would become bankrupt and be unable to pay our debts.

The Democratic party stood for double-standard metal money and those metals were gold and silver. They said that if the United States adopted these two metals, other countries would follow. They said that the people needed more money and that more money meant higher prices and higher wages.

When the Democratic national convention met in Chicago in 1896, it adopted Bland's silver principles but instead of nominating this greatest leader of the

Democratic party for President, it chose W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska. Bland was not present at the convention, he remained on his farm near Lebanon. He refused to seek the office, the office must seek him. He even telegraphed his friends in Chicago this remarkably unselfish message:

"Put the cause above the man."

The famous campaign of 1896 was on. In some respects it was one of the most bitter Presidential campaigns. Without the least regret or hard feeling, Bland worked for the election of Bryan. The noted Nebraskan said shortly after Bland's death that in this campaign no man gave him more earnest and sincere support. The defeat of his party at this election combined with the previous repeal of the Bland act, was a bitter blow to the silver champion.

He looked with distrust on the Eastern financiers. He saw in them the power to make or unmake the prosperity of this nation. They controlled the money, but, said Bland, if you make money plentiful no man or set of men can control it. It is only because money is scarce and dear that the Eastern financiers are able to control it, said Bland. The man on the farm, in the shop and the store, is dependent on the Eastern bankers, but he would be freed if money were plentiful.

Conditions have changed since the days of '96. Bland lies in his grave which the State of Missouri has marked with a monument. Men's opinions on the money question have changed. Today money is plentiful, and money is cheap, and prices and wages are high. In these last twenty-five years corn has increased in price from fifteen cents to one dollar

Monument to
RICHARD PARKS BLAND
At Lebanon, Missouri.

and a quarter a bushel, wheat from fifty cents to two dollars, but shoes have also increased in price from one dollar and fifty cents to five dollars a pair. Men still disagree on whether Bland was right or wrong, but all men, both Republicans and Democrats, bow their heads in reverence to the honesty and the courageous convictions of Bland.

Bland was a man of the common people. He believed in them and trusted them, they believed in him and trusted him. One who knew him said this of Bland:

"I have never known a cleaner and more upright man in public life."

His honesty was unquestioned. Once he was presented with a rich silver dinner set by his admirers in Colorado. He loved those friends, he respected their kind gift, but he refused it, saying that some might find fault with him if he accepted. He would not have even a suspicion of dishonesty or bribery on his fair name.

His opportunities to make money and still do it legally were many, but not once did he yield to the temptation when he thought that it was wrong or that he had not earned it. When he first went to Washington in 1873, he had some money and a farm; when he died in 1899, he left only his farm. After twenty-four years of service as a public official, he was poorer than before.

Bland was not a member of any church. His parents were Methodists and his wife was a Roman Catholic. Some small politicians in '96 publicly censured him because of his wife's religion and also because she was educating her children in that faith. Bland's answer touched the heart of all:

"Yes," he said, "my wife is a Roman Catholic and I am a Protestant, and shall live and die one; but my great regret is that I am not half such a Christian as the woman who bears my name and is the mother of my children.

Bland was not an orator, but he was a convincing speaker. His presence was not commanding, being of medium height. His voice was usually low and his manners were simple. He was modest and bashful. One never would have thought that he could succeed as a public man. His strength lay in another direction. Altho neither wit nor oratory graced his speeches, he was one of the most convincing speakers in Congress. He used simple and direct language. He went to the heart of his subject. Serious, honest, and courageous, he feared no man, no argument, no debate. Every public speech of his breathes love of truth and devotion to principle. Some of the greatest orators in Congress feared this plain-spoken man more than the most polished speaker. He read widely and studied hard. As a result of his thoro preparation on every subject and of his convincing honesty, the words of Bland carried weight. Moreover, all admired him for his consideration of the feelings of others. He never tried to hurt, but always tried to help.

The soul of this man was big enough to include both children and adults. Boys and girls loved him, and he loved them. He would lie down on the floor or in the yard, and romp and play with his sons and daughters. He also loved the children of others. One day in Washington while Bland was riding in a street car, a lady entered with her baby. The

Congressman looked at the baby, smiled, took it on his lap, and began playing with it. The mother paid no attention to her child, until Bland said:

"Madam, here is your baby. I must get off here."

One could tell story after story about this big-hearted man. He stood for the highest and the best in public life. He was a broad-minded man, a man of keen intellect, and a hard working man. Above all, however, he was an honest man who labored for the common people and not for himself.

WILLIAM WARNER, 1839-1916

Soldier, Statesman and Public Citizen

EVERY Missouri boy can read the life of Major William Warner with profit. Few men have started in life under greater difficulties and have risen by their own efforts to higher positions. His career reveals what industry and ideals can accomplish. He was a worker and a student, a statesman and a gentleman, a soldier with the heart of a brave man and the sympathy of a child. The name of this man will long be remembered. He fought fearlessly, whether on the battlefield or in a political campaign. He stood for honesty and progress. That his work was appreciated, is shown by the public positions he held. He did much good for his city, state and country—they honored him for his services.

Born in Wisconsin on June 11, 1839, little Willie Warner—as he was called—was left an orphan at the age of six years. His five brothers and sisters were poor. He had no friends. His parents had left him neither money nor land. He was homeless, friendless, and in poverty. Too young to be employed by others, Willie began to work for himself. He lived in the lead mine district of Wisconsin. Around the mines were large piles of refuse. He picked over these refuse heaps for the lead ore that had been thrown away. He sold his findings to the mine owners and made a living. This work did not last long, for the mine owners learned from the shrewd lad and soon employed cheaper labor to do this.

WILLIAM WARNER

Willie then began driving the old mine horse. He did this for three years. The horse at the mine shaft was an intelligent animal. It did its work with little prompting from the boy. It had learned that when the miners in the shaft rattled the chain, the bucket was full, and it started without word from its driver. When the bucket reached the top the horse stopped and backed. Willie noticed this and studied the situation.

One day he reasoned, "That horse knows just as much as I do. He really could do this work without me and might just as well be driving me as I driving him. I am going to learn to read and write and then I will know more than he does."

That night he told the keeper of a country store of his desire to get an education, and then he bought a primer. The merchant helped him with his first lesson and encouraged him. From that moment the primer and the boy were inseparable. He studied in his room until long after bed time and took the book to the mine shaft so he might learn more in reading.

When he was ten years old he had learned to read fairly well and could write some. The store-keeper approved the boy's energy and ambition and employed him to sell goods, giving him slightly higher wages. In five years he had saved enough money to pay his way two years in school. At the end of that time he was without funds but his education was fairly underway.

During the next four years he taught school, reading law at night. He also attended the University of Michigan. So well did he apply himself that

at the early age of twenty-one years he was admitted to practice law in Wisconsin.

The Civil War broke out and young Warner responded quickly. He enlisted as a private and served thruout the war. He rose in rank and received a major's commission.

At the close of the war he came to Missouri and after visiting St. Louis, St. Joseph and Kansas City, he decided to locate in the latter place.

With a young lawyer friend from Wisconsin, Warner opened a law office in a little room, eight by ten feet in the old city hall. Their equipment was only thirty-four volumes of books and three chairs, bought second-hand.

Their first year was a hard one. They received few cases. It was not long, however, until Major Warner had made many friends. He was sociable and obliging, besides having an exceptional mind.

In the spring of 1867 he was elected city attorney and the following year was elected circuit attorney. After holding this position two years, the Republican party, of which he was a member, nominated him for mayor of Kansas City in 1870. In spite of the fact that Kansas City was Democratic, Major Warner was successful—being the only Republican elected.

He served as mayor with honesty and capacity. He gave Kansas City a good administration and did everything in his power to upbuild the town.

At the end of his term he worked for the election of the Democratic candidate for mayor. He did this because he thought this man was more honest and more capable than the candidate of the Republican party. This shows the character of Major Warner.

He held other positions of worth and importance and performed his duties well. He was appointed United States District Attorney for the Western District of Missouri in 1882 and was re-appointed in 1898 and 1902. He was elected to Congress in 1884 and was active in that body advocating good laws. In 1892 he was candidate on the Republican ticket for Governor of Missouri, but was defeated. In 1905 he was elected United States Senator by the Missouri Legislature and held this office for six years. He died at his home in Kansas City on October 4, 1916.

Major Warner was not an ordinary man. He stood for honesty and progress and had a remarkably broad and keen mind. He saw the possibilities of Missouri River transportation and labored to arouse sentiment on developing water navigation. He advocated military preparedness, believing that a nation should always be sufficiently armed to repel any attack made on it.

Having fought in the Civil War as a Union soldier, his friends among the veterans of the North were thousands. He was twice elected Commander of the Department of Missouri of the Grand Army of the Republic, and in 1888 was elected Commander-in-Chief of the National G. A. R. He helped the old Union soldiers in many ways. It was largely due to him that the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kansas, was established. His office in the Federal Building in Kansas City was a regular meeting place for the old soldiers. None of them appealed to him for help without receiving assistance. Even some of the "wearers of the grey" came to know and love Major Warner. He had the reputation of never turning away an old soldier who was in distress.

He was remarkably kind hearted and frequently rendered assistance to others when he could ill afford to do so. His opportunities to become rich were many, but he died a comparatively poor man.

Although he engaged long in politics and was always a man of decided opinions, he seldom made personal enemies. His opponents respected him; many came to love him. Some called him a "fire-eater" because he was so vigorous in his speeches. He had rugged oratory and was a popular speaker. Frequently during his political fights, persons on the other side took offense at what he said in his open, frank way. One of the most bitter fights on Major Warner occurred in the late 90's. The person making it was a man Major Warner practically had made, politically. After the battle when the Warner forces had won, it was told the Major that this former friend, but bitter personal opponent in the campaign just lost, was in poverty. Some of Warner's friends expected him to take satisfaction in the plight of the man who had been so unfaithful to him. To the surprise of many, Warner said, "Well, we will have to take care of him." He then proceeded to obtain for the man a good position. He never cherished hatred or revenge. When a fight was over whether the battle was for or against him. he forgave his opponents. He always said in this respect, "I never keep books on men,"—meaning that he never remembered or tried to remember the things that had been said or done against him by others. It was this lovable and forgiving part of his nature that did much to win him a high place in the minds of friends and foes.

Major Warner could always be depended on to fight for the best interests in his city, state and nation. Age did not lessen his interests and loyalty. He was always on the side of the people and this strengthened him in popular regard. There was no kinder or more sympathetic man in Kansas City. His heart was touched by every pitiful story and he would always listen to the troubles of others and help in any way he could. His life will be a guide to many young men.

CHAMP CLARK, 1850—

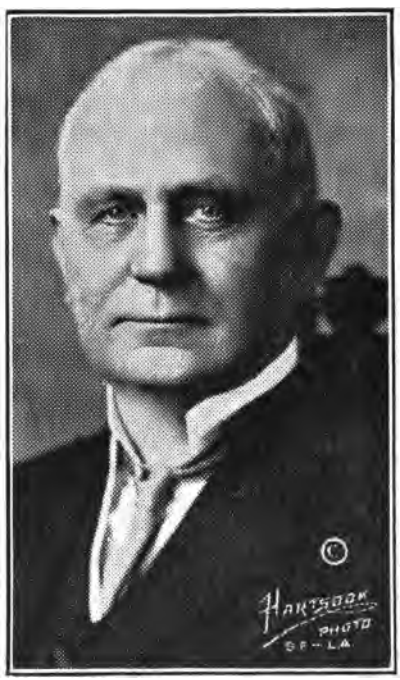
Missouri's First Speaker of the House of Representatives.

MISSOURI has produced many eminent men. More leaders and greater ones has she sent to Washington than have come from any other state west of the Mississippi River. Missouri gave Benton, the greatest of western statesmen; Linn, the most beloved of United States Senators; Bates, the first western cabinet officer; Green, one of the ablest western orators; Bland, the first and one of the greatest western advocates of the new democracy; and Champ Clark, the second western speaker of the United States House of Representatives. These men are only a few of the many whose names are written in Missouri's Hall of Fame. Of these. however, not one has reached the President's chair, nor has any state west of the Mississippi River given the United States a President. They have tried but failed.

Two men have come nearest success. One from Nebraska, who was the choice of his party three times. The other from Missouri, who in 1912 failed to be chosen as the leader of his party by only a few votes, altho several times he received a majority of the votes. If this Missouri man had been chosen as leader, he probably would have been elected by the Democratic party as President instead of Woodrow Wilson. He came nearer the White House, where the president lives, than any man from the West. His name is Champ Clark.

The life of this man is a story of poverty, industry, ambition and success. It shows what can be done in

this land of equal opportunity if one is willing to study and determined to rise. Champ Clark succeeded as a statesman, but he would have succeeded also as a lawyer, teacher, preacher, author, or journalist. His life is interesting, his career is not yet ended, and to Missourians his name will long be remembered.



CHAMP CLARK

Born in Kentucky on March 7, 1850, he came of good American ancestry. His father was born in New Jersey, his mother in Kentucky. His mother died when young Clark was only three years old, but he was well reared by his father and relatives. His father was a poor man, a devout Christian and a staunch Democrat. His grandmother was a Whig and was determined that young Clark should be a Whig. She would bribe him with maple sugar to say:

"I am a Whig."

Then his father would take him out to the barn, show him a pony that the boy wanted, and ask:

"Now, my son, are you a Whig or a Democrat?"

Of course the boy said he was a Democrat and this is what he later became.

The young lad had to work hard first on a farm and later in a country store. He loved books and wanted to get an education. After receiving some instruction in the schools at home, he attended the University of Kentucky. While here and at Bethany College, he paid his own expenses, cooked his own meals, and lived as cheaply as possible. To obtain money he taught school.

At college he dropped half of his name. His full name was James Beauchamp Clark. He thought this was too long so he shortened it to plain Champ Clark.

He was a hard student and loved history and the lives of great men. When he graduated from Bethany College, he won highest honors, having made the best grades ever recorded in that school.

He now became a college professor and was chosen president of Marshall College. He was only twenty-three years old and was the youngest college president in the United States.

His ambition was to be a lawyer, so he entered the Cincinnati Law School where he again graduated with highest honors. He now turned toward the West and settled at Witchita, Kansas. Here his affairs turned out poorly. He had no law practice and his money was soon gone. All that remained was his clothes. He had farmed as a boy, so the young lawyer again worked by the day as a common farm laborer. He took off his plug hat and his shoes, rolled up his long Prince Albert coat in a bundle,

and bareheaded and barefooted followed the plow out on the Kansas plains. He was determined to make his living honestly and was not too proud to work. A friend asked him to write an essay. He did this and received twenty-five dollars. With this money he started for Missouri.

He first settled at Louisiana, Pike county, Missouri, where he was principal of the high school one year at a good salary and later made his home in Bowling Green. He was a fine teacher here, as he had been in Kentucky and West Virginia. The next year he opened a law office. While waiting for business, he edited a newspaper. He soon showed the people that he was a good lawyer and a fine speaker.

One of the ablest lawyers in Louisiana was David A. Ball, a small man in size but a big one in brains. Ball liked the young Kentuckian, and they formed a law partnership. They became the closest friends and are to this day. Either would sacrifice all he had for the other. Clark's ambition was some day to be elected to Congress, Ball's ambition was to be Governor of Missouri.

The first test of their friendship came soon. Ball had begun a lawsuit against a certain farmer and this man had two sons, each six feet tall and powerful. They came into the little law office to whip Ball. When they entered, Clark was at his desk and hardly noticed them until both struck at Ball, who tried to dodge their blows. Clark pulled out a drawer of his desk, took out a big Colt's six-shooter revolver and said:

"Here, you fellows! I'm the fighting man of this firm."

One of the big fellows jumped through the window. The other climbed over a table and left quickly.

It wasn't long until Clark was in politics. He was elected prosecuting attorney and was a good one. He stopped the professional gambling that was then common in Pike county. He was the terror of all law-breakers.

He was then elected to represent Pike county in the Missouri Legislature. Here he was prominent in debate and was recognized as a leader of men. He was the author or supporter of several important laws that are still in force. One of these is the Australian Ballot law, another an anti-trust law. He made such a fine record that he ran for election to Congress two years later.

He was defeated in 1890, but was successful in 1892. He has been reelected every since except in 1894. Today Champ Clark is serving his twenty-fourth year in Congress. Prior to 1912 the Republican party was in control of Congress, so Champ Clark as a member of the minority party—the Democrat—had little influence in making laws. He was one of the leaders of the Democrats and finally became the chief leader. His greatest work was his fight on taking from the Speaker of the House of Representatives the power he had to appoint all committees and to virtually control all law-making.

When the Democrats gained control of the House of Representatives in 1912, Clark was elected Speaker. He still holds this high office and by both Democrats and Republicans is regarded highly. His friends are many.

One of the most eventful years of his life was the year 1912. The Republican party was divided into two parties—the Republican and the Progressive. Under such conditions, it was not probable that either would be able to elect its leader President of the United States. This meant that whoever the Democrats chose (or nominated) as their leader would probably be elected President.

Champ Clark was a candidate for nomination. The Democrats sent delegates to their national convention. These delegates were to select the Democrat leader who would run for president. More delegates were at first for Champ Clark than for any other man. In fact he received a majority of the votes. The Democrat party has a rule that no man can be nominated President unless he receives two-thirds the votes of the convention delegates. Clark failed to obtain two-thirds of the votes. After many votes were taken, Clark was finally defeated, and Woodrow Wilson was nominated. That November in 1912, Woodrow Wilson was elected President of the United States. This shows how close Champ Clark came to being President of this nation.

Many are the stories told of this truly interesting and able statesman. He is a man of fine appearance, large and well built. He is a good speaker and an excellent debater. He loves children and he is a man of wide sympathy. Altho his first born child has been dead over a quarter of a century, he still mourns and remembers with sorrow.

He has always been a lover of books and is a deep student of history. He is not a rough man but is a forceful one. Good natured, frank and loyal, it is little wonder that his friends are many.

He hates shams and loves simplicity. In speaking he is direct and sincere. His lectures have carried him over the nation and his magazine articles have been read by thousands. He is a member of the Christian Church and a loyal supporter of that body. A college graduate, he has the highest regard for a college education. His stories and sayings are widely known. These are some of the latter, which show his character:

"I am not going to help any man plunder the American people because he happens to live in Missouri."

"He serves his party best who serves his country best."

"The worst enemies of our race are those who debauch public opinion."

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